

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4694 [REGISTERED AS
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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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THE ARTS

CONTENTS

SOME LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS, by
Edward Garnett ... 501

POETRY:

A Prayer, by Joan Arden ... 503
Reproach, by Robert Graves ... 508

REVIEWS:

Coleridge's Criticism ... 504
The Crippen Case ... 506
Underneath the Bough ... 506
Sinn Fein ... 507
Good Sense and "Records" ... 508
The Historical Method ... 509
Mr. Herbert Fisher's Essays ... 510
Butterflies ... 511
A Plea for the Septuagint ... 511

MARGINALIA AND OTHER NOTES:

Marginalia, by Autolycus ... 512
Scottish Dialect in Early English Literature,
by J. Logie Robertson ... 513

SCIENCE:

The Nature of Inference ... 514
Societies ... 515
Forthcoming Meetings ... 515

FINE ARTS:

Negro Sculpture at the Chelsea Book Club, by
Roger Fry ... 516
Exhibitions of the Week ... 517
Reopening of the National Portrait Gallery ... 517
Maternity in Art ... 517

MUSIC:

Shakespeare as Librettist, by Edward J. Dent ... 518
Musical Notes from Paris ... 519
Royal College of Music Open Scholarships ... 519

DRAMA:

Medea ... 519
The Drama as a Means of Education ... 520
The Reaction from Manchester ... 520
Divertissement ... 521
Max Reinhardt's Spring Programme ... 521

CORRESPONDENCE:

"Shakespeare" Identified—The League of
Nations and the Young—Copyrights and
Income Tax—Mr. Williamson's "Waters of
Three Centuries" ... 521, 522

FOREIGN LITERATURE:

Chenier and Constant, by George Saintsbury ... 522
Croce and Carducci ... 523
Letters from Spain: V. "Don Francisco" ... 524
Modern Banking ... 525
La Nueva Revolución ... 525
LIST OF NEW BOOKS ... 525-528

SOME LETTERS OF EDWARD THOMAS

OF the men I have known Edward Thomas had the most delicately tempered nature, in its purity and self-defensive questioning of life. Most masculine in his independence, never swerving in his proud, self-contained attitude, his was a sensitiveness almost feminine in its shy diffidence. The beauty of the spiritual vision which inspired the "Poems" was fully revealed, years back, in "Rest and Unrest" and "Light and Twilight." But these little books received scant attention from his contemporaries, and even a long enthusiastic review in the *Times Literary Supplement* did not lead to a sale of more than a few hundred copies. The fact is that Thomas's imaginative reveries were too pure in tone, 'oo delicately haunting in their poetic appeal, to be apprehended by one in five hundred of the reading public. The modern Englishman cannot recognize beauty of imagination in a writer till a vast fuss has been made about him; or the author's reputation has been wreathed after death with a sentimental nimbus, alien to his temperament, as has been the case with Rupert Brooke. And in 1910 and 1911 even the poets were too busy with their own plans and their own reputations to notice that the fine flower of Celtic Magic was blossoming then before their eyes in "Light and Twilight."

Thomas was brought to our Surrey cottage by a mutual friend, I think, at the close of 1905. Our friendship struck root in an onslaught of mine on some fastidious criticisms of his on Walt Whitman; and the implications of the discussion affected him more than I guessed. He was then emerging from the stage of scholarly aestheticism of which "Horæ Solitariae" (1902) was the product. I paid a return

visit to his cottage at "The Weald," Sevenoaks when he showed me the farm and oasthouse, where I met his wife and children fresh from picking in the near hopfields. That scene lingers in my memory as an idyll of gracious youth. The charm of Thomas in the freshness of his strength, of his beautiful eyes and hair which shone in the sunlight, brown bleached to fair gold, appeared at its best in the open air, recalling the people of the "Mabinogion," or some hero myth, such as that of the Argonauts. Some years later, after 1910, Thomas's freshness and force became a little dulled by his never-ending literary toil in writing books "at £1 per thousand," as he says in one of the following letters. On a later visit to "The Weald" Thomas took me to a tiny two-roomed cottage in a field near by, and there appeared in the doorway a short, black-haired man, the "super tramp," W. H. Davies, whose eyes revealed the poet. The cottage had been placed at Davies' disposal by Thomas when the poet was yet unknown. We strolled about the fields and inspected a pond where Thomas liked to bring children to fish. I remember later my boy David returning proudly with a tench, which that pond had yielded to his or to Thomas's skill. If I speak of this incident it is to record another Conrad told me once how he had come across his little son, Boris, and Thomas fishing, in intense absorption, with a line without a hook in a pond which had no fish in it! The power of the contemplative illusion held the two fishermen in its grip. Thomas smiled with shadowy irony, but he sat on, fishing, and Conrad left the fishers to their contented reverie.

Thomas disdained all the arts that help a man to personal success and popularity. Shy and fastidious, he defended himself from the world by a critical manner which many men resented. But for those

friends who had won his confidence, his fine dry aloofness, his guarded sensitiveness, his introspective melancholy all blended in a peculiar delicate charm. All Thomas's being, his thoughts and energies, were dominated and directed by his fine, fastidious taste. From his mind and personality emanated a sort of defensive, secret essence of cold, clear taste, intensely individual, which condemned all vulgarity, banality and mediocrity. And the critical side of him guarded jealously, though it could not hide, the poet within, also shy, austere, melancholy in his depths, and chaste in spiritual isolation—a poet possessed by his passion for spiritual beauty, as for the simple, the natural, the homely things of the earth.

Every friend of Thomas who writes of him probably wonders, as I wonder, whether he ever threw wholly aside his defensive armour. One of his poems, "I built myself a House of Glass," suggests that he could not. Perhaps he guarded all the more jealously the life of the soul through distrust of exposing his melancholy and his clouding circumstances. But in respect to his normal interests, tastes and ideas, Thomas was perfectly frank with me in self-expression. Naturally fairly frank and outspoken myself, I always instinctively talked to Thomas without *arrière pensée*, and our conversation was chiefly of books, mutual friends and contemporaries and of his experiences in his long country excursions. How grateful to one's sight was Thomas's tall figure in brown homespun and tweed hat, striding along a dull London street! Often he called for me at 3, Henrietta Street, and the light in his eye, inquiring and questioning, responded to my warm greeting. Frankness was an antidote to Thomas's introspective moods, as one found at the Mont Blanc restaurant, where a little party of us frequently met at lunch. There he would often break his pauses of silence by clear, dry flashes of ironical insight. Looking back at those meetings, one recalls that Thomas's edged comments added an indefinable salt to the talk. He appreciated wit in others and so unconsciously drew it forth, responding himself by a subtle *riposte*, finely malicious, yet clear and ingenuous. When anything hurt his temperament he would draw his rapier of cold taste, dropping a few critical words, subtly ironical.

I do not know whether his letters to me, of which I give a selection below, are typical of his correspondence. No doubt he showed other sides to other men, and so a comparison between them may be of interest. For me, the strength of Thomas's genius, its essence lies in his imaginative pieces, such as "The Flower-Gatherer," "A Group of Statuary," "Home," and "Olwen"; also in the early chapters of his "Life of Richard Jefferies," in "The Happy Go Lucky Morgans," and to them one must of course, now, add the "Poems." He did not defer to my opinion so much as might appear from some of the letters I print, and any expressions of his thanks for any service I might have rendered as a friend and "a publisher's reader" must be read in the light of our mutual desire to help one another, and of our wish more than of our power.

The first letter refers to W. H. Davies' "The Autobiography of a Super Tramp":

The Weald,
Nr. Sevenoaks,
29, viii, 06.

DEAR GARNETT,

I am sorry about the Poet's life. But I think I have succeeded in setting him to work to increase it—as far as possible in the way you suggest. I agree about the details and I think he can do them pretty well. All the additions he has planned are elaborations of episodes hardly touched on before, e.g. on tramp in the States and peddling in England; also he himself wished to cut out and mend the London passages. This he has begun to do and he has written to Bernard Shaw. If Shaw fails will Arthur Symonds do? I know Nevins would do it, but he may be off in a month's time and perhaps his is not the kind of name. Davies says you shall have the MS. when it is ready and he is grateful to you for troubling on his behalf . . . for he is under a little cloud as the summer is going away and we are leaving him alone so soon, and he has hardly made a penny yet. It was very pleasant to have David again, but I wish his fishing had been more fortunate. Please tell him I was wrong about Douglas English's book—I was thinking of "Beasties Courageous," which perhaps David has not seen.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

The next letter relates to Thomas's "Life of Richard Jefferies," an achievement for which I felt and expressed to him keen enthusiasm:

Ashford,
Petersfield,
10, ii, 09.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Thank you for your letter. You have a paternal right to criticise my book since very little but the expression is mine. I held the pen, but since you contradicted me about Whitman at the Cearn (it seems a long time ago), you have done the rest and I value your opinion more than anybody's because they are your ideas or the ramifications of them.* Your letter has, therefore, given me and my wife great pleasure, and I only wish a thorough sense of indebtedness were sufficient return. I shall look out for your review. Is it to be in the *Nation* or the *D. N.*?

As to the uncollected essays† [of Richard Jefferies] I shall be glad to edit them. I enclose a full list of possible ones. Of these a few are of little importance, yet sure to be interesting to the majority of his readers, but "Nature and Eternity" is one of the finest he ever wrote. . . . She [Mrs. Jefferies] might be persuaded to include some unpublished pages meant for "The Gamekeeper" or "The Poacher" in the proposed book—I have never seen them, but I know they exist and were in her possession lately. . . .

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

In the first weeks of 1909 Thomas felt a great flow of creative energy and he wrote a variety of tales and sketches, which, with others, were collected later in "Rest and Unrest," 1910, and "Light and Twilight," 1911. The five letters that follow are chiefly concerned with these sketches and some criticisms upon them and with efforts made to place them. The anonymous writer of a well-meant but invidious dissertation on Thomas as a critic, in the *Nation*, October 13, 1917, curiously failed to remark that the pathos of Thomas's lack of success lay in the almost total lack of response on the part of the public and the editors to such imaginative masterpieces as "Home," "July," "The First of Spring," "Maiden's Wood." It is indeed possible that the writer had not even read them! But we know that the finest work,

* This is Thomas's delicate flattery. We held identical ideas about Jefferies, but Thomas made the subject his own in a fashion no one could rival.

† Subsequently published by Messrs. Duckworth.

of a high, poetic, imaginative order, may go begging for years, while writers of very ordinary talent are being surfeited with applause.

Berryfield Cottage,
11, ii, 09.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Have you time to look at another sketch of mine? I don't like troubling you again, especially with manuscript, but I am strongly impelled to because I have now had about six weeks of unusual energy. I have written about a score of tales and sketches, real and imaginary, such as I have never attempted before; and though I feel a little more confidence than I used to, I am not at all sure that I am on a wise path—far less a profitable one—and you are the only man I can turn to for an opinion. I have been working so far, and thus I have only copied out one or two of these things, and those only the shortest, or else I should have sent you something of a more elaborate and realistic kind. Perhaps you are very busy—I know you must be about now engaged in arranging for your Icelandic play—and if so I hope you will return this piece at once and let me show it you at another time, perhaps.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

Ashford,
13, ii, 09.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

Your letter that came this morning was too flattering but entirely pleasant to me, for I am not exaggerating when I say that I have long hoped to please you and that I now feel glad of whatever praise the book wins, because it is some return to you for all your direct and indirect criticisms of me and my work. You have been my chief guide to such knowledge as I have of the relationship between life and literature. But I am too confused with pleasure and shyness to say what I am feeling, even on paper. I will only offer affectionate homage. I hope I shall have a chance of talking to you sooner—won't you come down here some time before, as well as after, the new house is built? They are only just digging out the foundations and bringing up the bricks. I am to have a little room right away from the house to work in, and that may be finished soon after the beginning of spring, I hope—it looks through trees to a magnificent road winding up and round a coombe among beeches and to the Downs, four miles away south. . . . I shall not forget what you say about going forward still more into contact with the world at my gate and over the hills. You mean the world of men, I think. I should like to, equally as a man and a writer, but the ability grows slowly. I am still very much afraid of men and too easily repulsed from them into myself, and I feel very humble when I think how seldom I can be myself and enter into them at the same time—either I remain sullenly self-centred or I lose myself on the stream of their usually stronger or more active character.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

Ashford,
Friday.

DEAR GARNETT,

Thank you for your criticisms. I seem to see your meaning in nearly every case and have altered most of the queried passages, and have added a piece which makes the whole more intelligible. You will see that from the start his chances of pulling the trigger were small.* Perhaps he is even more morbid and self-conscious than you thought, and thus, perhaps, the last part of p. 4 will no longer seem "intolerably affected," especially so as those conditions do not—as I point out—really weigh with him in his decision. You are unjust in your view of what you call literary "phrases" that "smell of the lamp." Such phrases, however bad, came to me without thinking or seeking. It is your "simple and direct" phrases that I have to seek for. I think you might accept my objectionable gracefulness now as no offence of mine. About the first pages I cannot decide, but was

inclined to think they should stand, as they—and even their "leisureliness"—help to suggest the man who is going on make a fool of himself once more.

If you approve I should be glad if you would offer it to *Country Life*. I am writing nothing but stories, sketches, and episodes now. Thank you again.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS.

30, iii, 09.

MY DEAR GARNETT,

I had a feeling as I was dressing this morning that something pleasant was going to turn up—it was Graham's letter. Thank you for sending it and I hope I may keep it—as an unsolicited testimonial of an all-round kind it is priceless, especially coming from the office of *Country Life*. It is almost enough to make one self-confident. But Davies' fate prevents that. Do you know those papers on begging have been sent round the magazines by an agent and not one accepted? And that, too, in spite of his considerable notoriety, wooden leg, etc. He is genuinely unlucky I think. I mean I don't consider myself unlucky, because I can't hope to attract attention; but a man with a wooden leg in one hand and a preface by Shaw in the other—! But luckily Davies . . . does not know how good his work is . . . I am so glad you like it, and will tell him what you say if you have not written him. . . .

Yours ever,

EDWARD THOMAS.

15, viii, 09.

DEAR GARNETT,

Thank you for your letter and the papers. I am taking your advice, and altering and much shortening "July" and "The Patriot." Also I have entirely recast, shortened by half, and rewritten partly "The Lady of the Fountain," which I hope you will reconsider. "The Lady of the Waste Lands" I have cleaned up a little by taking out some of the detail which makes it hang. I will get a typewritten copy of "Winter Music" * (the dragon hunt) and show it you, as I think you might change your mind, specially if I cut out the introductory pages before the music begins. Then the portrait of a girl after a storm of wind and rain—called "The End of a Day"—I have an affection for. I expect your objection to it is the same as to "The Fountain." So I will detach her almost entirely from the setting. So also with "The Earthly Cloud"—was it the description of the town, etc., at the railway station that you did not like? I wish I knew what you meant by condemning "The Tower" as "romantic." I shall probably take the book in its corrected form up to town on the 24th (when the Square Club meets), and I will put at the end those which you condemn and which I have thought it possible to revise and give it to Milsted: just one or two I shall be able to show him in typescript.

Yours,

EDWARD THOMAS

* I thought this was one of the best, and one or two people have seen it and liked it. Perhaps as it came at the end of the book you were harsh to it.

The next letters will describe Thomas's stay at Llaugharne, in Caermarthenshire.

EDWARD GARNETT.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER

While still the light shines on the trunks of trees,
The sea-wind blows across the grassy hill,
The tender sight of flowers makes me glad,
Let me lie down and be for ever still.

Then I shall sleep and sleep beneath the grass,
And feel no more the bitter winter cold,
And in my head shall be no endless sounds,
But only quiet, and life-giving mould.

JOAN ARDEN.

* The piece "The Attempt" in "Light and Twilight."

REVIEWS

COLERIDGE'S CRITICISM

COLERIDGE: *BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA*, Chapters I.-IV., XIV.-XXII. —**WORDSWORTH:** *PREFACES AND ESSAYS ON POETRY*, 1800-1815. Edited by George Sampson, with an Introductory Essay by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Cambridge, University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT is probably true that "*Biographia Literaria*" is the best book of criticism in the English language; nevertheless, it is rash to assume that it is a book of criticism of the highest excellence, even when it has passed through the salutary process of drastic editing, such as that to which, in the present case, the competent hands of Mr. George Sampson have submitted it. Its garrulity, its digressions, its verbiage, the marks which even the finest portions show of submersion in the tepid transcendentalism that wrought such havoc upon Coleridge's mind—these are its familiar disfigurements. They are not easily removed; for they enter fairly deeply even in the texture of those portions of the book in which Coleridge devotes himself, as severely as he can, to the proper business of literary criticism.

It may be that the prolixity with which he discusses and refutes the poetical principles expounded by Wordsworth in the preface of "*Lyrical Ballads*" was due to the tenderness of his consideration for Wordsworth's feelings, an influence to which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch directs our attention in his introduction. That is honourable to Coleridge as a man; but it cannot exculpate him as a critic. For the points he had to make for and against Wordsworth were few and simple. First, he had to show that the theory of a poetic diction drawn exclusively from the language of "real life" was based upon an equivocation, and therefore was useless. This Coleridge had to show to clear himself of the common condemnation in which he had been involved, as one wrongly assumed to endorse Wordsworth's theory. He had an equally important point to make for Wordsworth. He wished to prove to him that the finest part of his poetic achievement was based upon a complete neglect of this theory, and that the weakest portions of his work were those in which he most closely followed it. In this demonstration he was moved by the desire to set his friend on the road that would lead to the most triumphant exercise of his own powers.

There is no doubt that Coleridge made both his points; but he made them, in particular the former, at exceeding length, and at the cost of a good deal of internal contradiction. He sets out, in the former case, to maintain that the language of poetry is essentially different from the language of prose. This he professes to deduce from a number of principles. His axiom—and it is possibly a sound one—is that metre originated in a spontaneous effort of the mind to hold in check the workings of emotion. From this, he argues, it follows that to justify the existence of metre, the language of a poem must show evidence of emotion, by being different from the language of prose. Further, he says, metre in itself stimulates the emotions, and for this condition of emotional excitement "correspondent food" must be provided. Thirdly, the emotion of poetical composition itself demands this same "correspondent food." The final argument, if we omit one drawn from an obscure theory of imitation very characteristic of Coleridge, is the incontrovertible appeal to the authority of the poets.

Unfortunately, the elaborate exposition of the first three arguments is not only unnecessary but confusing, for Coleridge goes on to distinguish, interestingly enough, between a language proper to poetry, a language proper to prose, and a neutral language which may be used indiffer-

ently in prose and poetry, and later still he quotes a beautiful passage from Chaucer's "*Troilus and Cressida*" as an example of this neutral language, forgetting that, if his principles are correct, Chaucer was guilty of a sin against art in writing "*Troilus and Cressida*" in metre. The truth, of course, is that the paraphernalia of principles goes by the board. In order to refute the Wordsworthian theory of a language of real life supremely fitted for poetry you have only to point to the great poets, and to judge the fitness of the language of poetry you can only examine the particular poem. Wordsworth was wrong and self-contradictory without doubt; but Coleridge was equally wrong and self-contradictory in arguing that metre necessitated a language essentially different from that of prose.

So it is that the philosophic part of the specifically literary criticism of the "*Biographia*" takes us nowhere in particular. The valuable part is contained in his critical appreciation of Wordsworth's poetry and that amazing chapter—a little forlorn, as most of Coleridge's fine chapters are—on "the specific symptoms of poetic power elucidated in a critical analysis of Shakespeare's '*Venus and Adonis*.'" In these few pages Coleridge is at the summit of his powers as a critic. So long as his attention could be fixed on a particular object, so long as he was engaged in deducing his general principles immediately from particular instances of the highest kind of poetic excellence, he was a critic indeed. Every one of the four points characteristic of early poetic genius which he formulates deserves to be called back to the mind again and again:

The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favourable promise in the compositions of a young man. . . .

A second promise of genius is the choice of subjects very remote from the private interests and circumstances of the writer himself. At least I have found, that where the subject is taken immediately from the author's personal sensations and experiences the excellence of a particular poem is but an equivocal mark, and often a fallacious pledge, of genuine poetical power. . . .

Images, however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become proofs of original genius only as far as they are modified by a predominant passion; or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or lastly, when a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit. . . .

The last character . . . which would prove indeed but little, except as taken conjointly with the former,—yet without which the former could scarce exist in a high degree . . . is *depth*, and *energy of thought*. No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and the fragrant of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.

In the context the most striking peculiarity of these distinguishing marks of poetic power, apart from the conviction which they bring, is that they are not in the least concerned with the actual language of poetry. The whole subject of poetic diction is dropped when Coleridge's critical, as opposed to his logical, faculty is at work; and, although this Chapter XV. is followed by many pages devoted to the analysis and refutation of the Wordsworthian theory and to the establishment of those principles of poetic diction to which we have referred, when Coleridge comes once more to engage his pure critical faculty, in the appreciation of Wordsworth's actual poetry in Chapter XXII., we again find him ignoring his own principles precisely on those occasions when we might have thought them applicable.

Coleridge enumerates Wordsworth's defects one by one: The first, he says, is an inconstancy of style. For a moment he appears to invoke his principles: "Wordsworth sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the

three species; *first*, that which is peculiar to poetry; *second*, that which is proper only in prose; and *third*, the neutral or common to both." But in the very first instance which Coleridge gives we can see that the principles have been dragged in by the hair, and that they are really alien to the argument which he is pursuing. He gives this example of disharmony from the poem on "The Blind Highland Boy" (whose washing tub in the 1807 edition, it is perhaps worth noting, had been changed at Coleridge's own suggestion, with a rash contempt of probabilities, into a turtle shell in the edition of 1815):

And one, the rarest, was a shell
Which he, poor child, had studied well:
The Shell of a green Turtle, thin
And hollow;—you might sit therein,
It was so wide, and deep.
Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day, when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

The discord is, in any case, none too apparent; but if one exists, it does not in the least arise from the actual language which Wordsworth has used. If in anything, it consists in a slight shifting of the focus of apprehension, a sudden and scarcely perceptible emphasis on the detail of actual fact, which is a deviation from the emotional key of the poem as a whole. In the next instance the lapse is, however, indubitable:

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest,
And though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain River
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both,
Hearing thee or else some other
As merry as a Brother
I on the earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done.

The two lines in italics are discordant. But again it is no question of language in itself; it is an internal discrepancy between the parts of a whole, already debilitated by metrical insecurity.

Coleridge's second point against Wordsworth is "a *matter-of-factness* in certain poems." Once more there is no question of language. Coleridge takes the issue on to the highest and most secure ground. Wordsworth's accidentality is a contravention of the essential catholicity of poetry; and this accidentality is manifested in laboriously exact description whether of places or persons. The poet sterilizes the creative activity of poetry, in the first case, for no reason at all, and in the second, because he proposes as his immediate object a moral end instead of the giving of æsthetic pleasure. The question of language in itself, if it enters at all here, enters only as the indifferent means by which a non-poetic end is sought. The accidentality lies not in the words, but in the poet's intention.

Coleridge's third and fourth points, "an undue predilection for the dramatic form," and "an eddying instead of a progression of thought," may be passed as quickly as he passes them himself, for in any case they could only be the cause of a jejuneness of language. The fifth, more interesting, is the appearance of "thoughts and images too great for the subject, . . . an approximation to what might be called *mental bombast*." Coleridge brings forward as his first instance of this four lines which have taken a deep hold on the affections of later generations:

They flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude!
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

Coleridge found an almost burlesque bathos in the second couplet after the first. It would be difficult for a modern

critic to accept that verdict altogether; nevertheless his objection to the first couplet as a description of physical vision is surely sound. And it is interesting to note that the objection has been evaded by posterity in a manner which confirms Coleridge's criticism. The "inward eye" is almost universally remembered apart from its context, and interpreted as a description of the purely spiritual process to which alone, in Coleridge's opinion, it was truly apt.

The enumeration of Wordsworth's excellences which follows is masterly; and the exhilaration with which one rises through the crescendo to the famous: "Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of *Imagination* in the highest and strictest sense of the word . . ." is itself a pleasure to be derived only from the gift of criticism of the highest and strictest kind.

The object of this examination has been to show, not that the "Biographia Literaria" is undeserving of the high praise which has been bestowed upon it, but that the praise has been to some extent indiscriminating. It has now become almost a tradition to hold up to our admiration Coleridge's chapter on poetic diction, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a preface that is as unconventional in manner as it is admirable in most of its substance, maintains the tradition. As a matter of fact, what Coleridge has to say on poetic diction is prolix and perilously near commonplace. Instead of making to Wordsworth the wholly sufficient answer that much poetry of the highest kind employs a language that by no perversion can be called essentially the same as the language of prose, he allows himself to be led by his German metaphysic into considering poetry as a *Ding an sich* and deducing therefrom the proposition that poetry *must* employ a language different from that of prose. That proposition is false, as Coleridge himself quite adequately shows from his remarks upon what he called the "neutral" language of Chaucer and Herbert. But instead of following up the clue and beginning to inquire whether or not narrative poetry by nature demands a language approximating to that of prose, and whether Wordsworth, in so far as he aimed at being a narrative poet, was not working on a correct but exaggerated principle, he leaves the bald contradiction and swerves off to the analysis of the defects and excellences of Wordsworth's actual achievement. Precisely because we consider it of the greatest importance that the best of Coleridge's criticism should be studied and studied again, we think it unfortunate that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch should recommend the apprentice to get the chapters on poetic diction by heart. He will be condemned to carry about with him a good deal of dubious logic and a false conclusion. What is worth while learning from Coleridge is something different; it is not his behaviour with "a principle," but his conduct when confronted with poetry in the concrete, his magisterial ordonnance (to use his own word) and explication of his own æsthetic intuitions, and his manner of employing in this, the essential task of poetic criticism, the results of his own deep study of all the great poetry that he knew.

It would be ungenerous to end this review without expressing our gratitude to Mr. Sampson for his admirable notes on the text. They contain nothing but information that is really apposite. J. M. M.

OUR readers will be particularly interested in the announcement that Messrs. Constable will publish a special selection of prose extracts from the works of Mr. George Santayana, made by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith with the author's collaboration, and bearing on Art, Religion, Literature, Human Nature and Morals. It is believed that such a volume will be welcomed by those who have no time or opportunity to study the original volumes, but are anxious to have some familiarity with a man considered by many to be one of the most original thinkers and finest writers of prose now living.

THE CRIPPEN CASE

THE TRIAL OF HAWLEY HARVEY CRIPPEN. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Filson Young. "Notable English Trials." (William Hodge & Co. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is an excellent book, both in the material provided and the form in which it is presented. We are especially grateful for the editor's useful, thoughtful and humane preface, symptomatic of the change which is coming about in the mind of our Western communities with regard to their abnormal individuals. Our reactions to insanity, immorality, crime have been in the past, and still are for the most part, insane, immoral, and criminal. It is perhaps expedient and justifiable to segregate the insane, to attach penalties to some forms of immorality, to hang the violent criminal; it is hardly justifiable, it is inexpedient, to forget that rather our good fortune than our merit keeps our steps upon the broad highway of social tolerance.

It is not quite clear why Crippen should have deviated from it at last so fatally. Till January, 1910, his actions and demeanour, so far as they are recorded, are characterized by a rather commonplace amiability and inoffensiveness; his conjugal infidelity will hardly be counted for a mark of abnormality. His intimate relations with Miss Le Neve had lasted for three years; his attachment appears to have awakened in him qualities of self-forgetting devotion. It is suggested that his discontent with the equivocal situation, coupled with his wife's threat to leave him and take her possessions with her, urged him to the crime. But there is no evidence that his financial position was actually distressed; and had his wife carried out her threat, the situation must, one would think, have been partially relieved in all respects. The advantages to be looked for from his wife's death were the possibility of marrying Miss Le Neve and the acquisition of property worth in all perhaps £1,000. Had she remained alive and deserted him, he could have brought Miss Le Neve to live with him at Hilldrop Crescent, as in fact he did two months after the murder; the property which his wife treated as her own would in this case have been lost to him.

It is hard to discover a cogent motive in all this for the crime. Even if we assume that extreme callousness was hidden beneath his pleasant manner—an assumption perhaps difficult to maintain in view of his solicitude for Miss Le Neve and his utterances on the eve of execution (published in Appendices B and C)—we have yet to explain why he exposed himself to such difficulties and dangers as the deed must involve. He ordered the hyoscin which caused Mrs. Crippen's death on January 1; she was last seen alive on February 1, 1910. He had, then, time to weigh the consequences, if, as appears probable, his purpose was already formed at the time when he ordered the poison. We must conclude that the real causes of the tragedy, the emotional sequence, perhaps even the significant facts, have not come to light.

After the tragedy, Crippen displayed coolness, cunning and fortitude.

If [remarks Mr. Filson Young] the course of his life were to be marked on a chart one would not see it, as is usual in the case of criminals, turning suddenly at a right angle and continuing in that direction; it would appear as a straight course with one little step aside in the middle of it, and then continuing as before.

His manner underwent no noticeable change. He told the lies which he thought would serve to account for his wife's disappearance; retracted them when he found they would no longer serve, and offered another, still plausible explanation. When the darkening cloud of suspicion threatened to break upon him destructively, he fled. During all the harassing incidents of his flight, capture, trial and imprisonment in the condemned cell he remained apparently almost unconcerned, except for the safety of Miss Le Neve, who had accompanied him in

his flight. To the last he protested his innocence. Perhaps, by virtue of facts unknown to us, or of some curious mental process, he protested sincerely. We endorse Mr. Filson Young's opinion: "Rightly read and understood, this is an admonishing, sobering and instructive story."

F. W. S.

UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

FROM PERSIAN UPLANDS. By F. Hale. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

AS a clump of wallflowers, rich in generous colour, against the drab of a Dorset stone wall, so is a book on Persia when it has come from the pen of an Englishman who has long taken delight in the good literature of his own country. A new class of traveller, hunter and consul has arisen, taking the place of the broadly-conceived but simple heroes of Kipling, who in their turn replaced the brandy-pawnee exiles of John Company. To-day you will find, now here, now there, the Englishmen of the civilian services abroad still seared with the fire of their Norse ancestry, which compels them to live in far countries, and yet so dowered with poetry in their nature that they can take vivid pleasure in the lands of their solitude. Moreover, they can now weave a cunning web of language to tell what they have seen.

Mr. Hale's book is just such a patch of colour. From 1913 to 1919 he was at Birjand or Kermanshah, where he could mark the rise and fall of the Persian temperature during the war. Most of the inhabitants knew nothing of Germany except the name in their world for synthetic indigo, *nil-i-almani*, and when the crash came their chief feeling was for the loss of their trade in exported carpets, and their hope was that the war would result in the withdrawal of Russia from Persia. It was the German dream to emulate Alexander's deeds by an overland march to India, and their agents scattered largesse with no niggard hand in 1915 throughout Persia. But these agents were without success: the despised British diplomacy countered their every move, captured every piece they had on the board, and "rounded up" the bands of German agitators wherever they raised their heads. Persia would have known little of the war had it not been for the terrible famines which it brought in its train.

One gathers that the educated Persian of Birjand is rather a good fellow, ruddy, black-moustached, jovial, pretty much, in fact, like other educated Persians: ready to take a hand at bridge or listen to a "gramafon"; perhaps a little addicted to opium. Returned from his travels in Europe, Hajji Baba sighs for the appurtenances of civilization which he finds lacking in his country, forgetful of our slums and our monotony of steam-driven industries. Once he is at home, however, he can boast himself superior to us in one point: few of us have so intelligent an understanding as he of the manufacture of our daily necessities of life. In a Persian town the inhabitant need not go far afield to see for himself how cloth and carpets are woven, how hats are made, how cakes are baked, for he will find these and other trades plied almost at his very door. To him the very breath of life is Politics, of the kind described by Count Smoltork, the word "politic" surprising by himself in this case Social-Revolutionaries, Democrats, Monarchists, Republicans, so that he need lack no occasion for discussion.

Here, then, is a vivid picture of Persia during the war made by one who can describe his own times in delicate phrasing and neat speech: he will write delightfully, now of Persian infantrymen and the vagaries of their individual salutes, now of a timorous syce who saw three jinns playing with their own heads, now of his own house of faerie, where the water gurgled under the trees and the nightingale carolled in the moonlight. The book is all too short.

R. C. T.

SINN FEIN

THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN. By Robert Mitchell Henry. (Dublin, Talbot Press; London, Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THIS is the latest contribution to a review of Irish revolutionary politics in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and comes from the pen of an Irish Professor of Classics in the Belfast University. It deals with Irish Nationalism in the nineteenth century, of which there is an introductory sketch, but the bulk of the book is devoted to a history of the Sinn Fein movement. It displays generally the gift of patient research into the details of the newest development of revolutionary Ireland, and in this respect supplies much information from the writings and ideals of the present leaders which must be of considerable value to future historians. It is always a very doubtful point how far contemporary writers can be depended upon to express the true inwardness of any political movement, but at all events Professor Henry has done his best to present a plain statement of facts from the point of view of the Sinn Fein party. From the historic point of view the weak point is that the case of England—politically and strategically—is hardly considered at all. What he demonstrates at the outset is the present identity of the Sinn Fein movement with the policy of all former Irish rebels against British ascendancy in the sister island, from Wolfe Tone, Emmet, Davis, Mitchel and Stephens down to Conolly and Griffith. Curiously enough no mention is made of Michael Davitt, who was perhaps too much of an internationalist to be included, though he had certainly been a Fenian in his early days and served a term of penal servitude for his crime.

Over against the downright rebels we get along the same period the Constitutionalists, men who, while accepting the Act of Union by taking their seats at Westminster, nevertheless worked for the revival of Grattan's Parliament, accepting loyalty to the Crown of England. Such were O'Connell, Butt, Parnell, and Redmond, for whom twentieth-century rebels have but little or no admiration. Compared with the revolutionaries of '98, '48, and '65-6, they were "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine." Parnell would have accepted Home Rule within the Union in his own day, but, as he often said in public, only as a first step to national independence. When he made his great tour of the United States he said at Cincinnati on February 23, 1880: "Let us not forget that none of us—whether we be in America or in Ireland or wherever we may be—will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." To him "the British Empire was an abstraction in which Ireland had no concern, though, like the Gulf Stream, it had a real and preponderating influence on the destinies of Ireland." Professor Henry might have added to his metaphor, that it is a difficult task to deflect the Gulf Stream, however heroic the effort may be.

The nineteenth century ended with the cause of Home Rule lying very low in the Irish horizon. There was disunion amongst the Nationalists, apathy, failing vigour and vanishing ideals. Professor Henry says the foundation of the Gaelic League in 1893 may be regarded as the turning-point in Irish politics, and declares that it will be recognized in history as the most revolutionary influence that ever came into Ireland. This may be true from an intellectual, moral and spiritual point of view, but as far as language is concerned English travellers seldom hear the Irish language spoken except on the western seaboard.

Here is quite an academic definition of Sinn Fein by Mr. Henry: "Sinn Fein is an expression in political theory and action of the claim of Ireland to be a nation, with all the practical consequences which such a claim involves." He very frankly demonstrates that this was exactly the same as John Mitchel's theory, and shows by an interesting

quotation from that staunch Ulster rebel how he prophesied the theory would be put into action.

"A plan" [said John Mitchel], "for the repeal of the Union must show (for one way) how a Parliamentary campaign conducted honestly and boldly might bring the state of business in Parliament to such a position that repeal would be the only solution; for another way, how systematic opposition to, and contempt of, law might be carried out through a thousand details, so as virtually to supersede English dominion here and to make the mere repealing statute an immaterial formality (this I may observe is my way); and for a third way, how in the event of a European war a strong National party in Ireland could grasp the occasion to do the work instantly. . . . It would also show how, and to what extent, all these methods could be combined."

In this one passage Mitchel sketched successively the Parnell policy, the Sinn Fein policy, and the Easter Rising policy of 1916.

The interesting fact is made clear by Professor Henry that Sinn Fein in its early years believed in constitutional action with a practical policy not unlike that of Thomas Davis in 1843. It was not until 1905 that it existed as a political organization, though Mr. Griffith had been since 1899 running a weekly paper with marked ability, called, after Mitchel's organ, the *United Irishman*. It became the organ of Sinn Fein and was frequently suppressed. Though the paper did not advocate at first armed revolution, it opened its columns to those who did. Its policy was the re-establishment of Grattan's Parliament as in 1782, and not the establishment of an Irish Republic. Everything turned on the inculcation of the doctrine of Self-Reliance—"Sinn Fein," moral independence with its sequel political independence. The old Parliamentary party from the beginning was bitterly attacked and charged with futility. It was compared contemptuously with hot memories of the hatred of the old rebels, who desired vengeance on the "foreigner." No opportunity meanwhile was lost in attacking the Imperial policy of England. Professor Henry especially notes the case of the South African War and the Burmese question.

Between 1906-8 the spread of Sinn Fein principles was considerable and the movement grew bolder. A Nationalist M.P. became a convert, retired and stood again as a Sinn Feiner, but polled less than a third of the votes. This was a bad set-back. A more ambitious programme was then set forth to capture all the local authorities, as was long ago suggested in 1879 by Davitt and Devoy. It met no response. The old Nationalists, with the support of the Catholic hierarchy and the Dublin Nationalist press, were too strong for Sinn Fein. The quarrel only grew more bitter. The latter strongly objected to the subservience of Mr. Redmond to the Liberal party in 1910, and would have none of the Liberal Home Rule programme. Still from 1910 to 1913 the Sinn Fein movement, according to Professor Henry, was "practically moribund."

Now came a sudden change in the situation. Fresh forces in Ireland had come to life in the shape of the Irish Socialist Republican party, headed by James Larkin and his paper the *Workers' Republic*, run on the lines of Karl Marx' anti-capitalist writings. Another Labour organ called *Irish Freedom* joined in the fray. In these papers the definitely Republican movement found an underground channel of expression in 1910-11. Its object was to rehabilitate and re-establish Sinn Fein on Separatist lines. The opportunity came on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1914. It was here that the Republican party antagonized Sinn Fein. The latter had in 1912 resolved unanimously that if the Bill was a satisfactory measure of reform it should be accepted. If, however, it was rejected as unsatisfactory by the Irish people, the organization was prepared to lead the country by other and effective methods to the attainment of self-government. This latter loophole led to the ultimate fusion of the Republican party with Sinn Fein. The portent of the Ulster

Volunteer movement appeared, and exacerbated the whole situation. What Ulster did the new Irish alliance could do also. The South imitated the North, and the heather was set on fire in earnest. Both the Republicans and Sinn Fein were well aware that Home Rule meant a setback to their programmes. They seized the opportunity, and when the Bill was passed they denounced the Nationalists for having betrayed their country, and started the Irish Volunteers, with whom were brigaded the Citizen Army of the Labour and Socialist party. Very many followers of the old Nationalist party now enlisted under the Sinn Fein banner, and the results are apparent to-day in the collapse of the old Parliamentary party led for so long by Parnell and Redmond. Such is briefly the story of the evolution of Sinn Fein, the old story of the cuckoos in the nest of the hedgesparrow.

It is unnecessary to follow Professor Henry through the domestic intricacies of Irish politics throughout the war. They remind us of the thrills of a cinema play. But between 1916 and 1918 there was an extraordinary resurrection of republican fervour and sympathy. The Convention had failed. The Conscription policy of the War Office for Ireland had fired a new mine of opposition. Mr. Redmond's patriotic leadership was disowned throughout Ireland. The propaganda of Sinn Fein went on in spite of martial law, and at the General Election the defeat of the Nationalist party was complete. Since then the situation has gone from bad to worse. As in the days of Ribbonism and the Land League, the campaign of terrorism and assassination holds the field. What next? The League of Nations refused to interfere and declare Ireland independent. Has Sinn Fein the means at its disposal to accomplish its object? The answer of Professor Henry is contained in the last paragraph of his book. It is:

No. To induce England to acknowledge the independence of Ireland is no solution. The independence acknowledged in 1783 was repealed in 1809, and has been denied ever since. . . . To induce the League of Nations as at present constituted to acknowledge the independence of Ireland is out of the question. . . . The means at the disposal of Sinn Fein at present hardly seem adequate to accomplish its object. It may bring about the moral and intellectual independence of Ireland: it may secure a certain measure of economic independence, but to secure political independence in face of the forces ranged against it seems impossible.

It is not our business to argue this point. But the outlook is menacing in the extreme. There is a moderate party in Ireland, but it is dumb and without leadership. What is wanted is a new Nationalist party and a new Nationalist leader who can rally sane and sensible Irishmen to a sane and sensible compromise. Is this possible for a race that hates compromise and despises discretion?

P. B.

REPROACH

Your grieving moonlight face looks down
Through the forest of my fears,
Crowned with a spiny bramble-crown,
Dew-dropped with evening tears.
Why do you spell "untrue, unkind,"
Reproachful eyes plaguing my sleep?
I am not guilty in my mind
Of aught would make you weep.
Untrue? but how, what broken oath?
Unkind? I know not even your name.
Unkind, untrue, you charge me both,
Scalding my heart with shame.
The black trees shudder, dropping snow,
The stars tumble and spin.
Speak, speak, or how may a child know
His ancestral sin?

ROBERT GRAVES.

GOOD SENSE AND "RECORDS"

CRICKET REMINISCENCES. By P. F. Warner. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

ARAGE for "records" and personal trivialities has invaded sport of late years. It is encouraged by too many journalists who do not appear to realize that the fine points of English games are known to a vast multitude of Englishmen, and are of greater interest than X's hundredth wicket, or Y's thirteenth goal this season, which is two more than he got in the same number of months six years since. A high score may not be the most useful score for the side, or represent the best cricket of the day. All-round merit and keenness often deserve more praise than the blazing of some "star." The megalomania which induces a captain to put on a bowler who is not wanted, just to give him a chance to secure a hundred wickets, does no good to the game. We expect an expert chronicler to write about the game as an expert, to add to our knowledge by the fruits of his closer observation, instead of retailing nicknames, or other personal talk which has as much to do with cricket as the loud voice of some M.P. has to do with politics. Mr. Warner, an accomplished bat and captain, here reprints journalism, and goes back to history beyond his own observation. At his best his remarks are just what we want, but he repeats himself, and has descended to trivialities which do not interest us. What is the use of filling half a page with the names of Oriel men who have secured cricket blues?

Mr. Warner hit on a "stunt" which was a success when he started the idea of best possible teams of various kinds selected out of the many cricketers of the past and present. The idea is attractive, because there is no finality about any solution. Cricketers, except W.G., seldom last long enough to have a near view of more than one generation of players, and the vast improvement of modern pitches has to be counted in favour of the batsman. At present there is, as Mr. Warner remarks, a dearth of fast bowling, for which a player has to keep himself in first-rate training. A fast bowler, as a rule, lasts but for a few years. Is the long run up to the wicket really necessary? It has been exaggerated of late; it was the way of Richardson, but not of Mold.

Mr. Warner criticizes justly the stupidity of the public which does not see the merit of defensive play. It has to be noticed, however, that some players are not so keen as they might be, and that there have been evident cases in the past of games prolonged for the sake of gate-money.

These things make the sporting public impatient and suspicious, and it is possible that they do not know the points of the game so well as their fathers, being immersed in the love of "records." The remedy lies in the hands of experts like Mr. Warner, who have a public ready to read them, and should write on the game itself instead of compiling lists of past and present achievements. The natural writing of an expert is preferable to the popular tricks of journalese. What are the modern ideas of placing the field, and are they justified? This is the kind of inquiry which suggests itself to lovers of the game, who do not care a doit whether so-and-so was the first man to begin both batting and bowling for England.

Many English enthusiasts will regret the death of Victor Trumper in 1915, which passed almost unnoticed in the tumult of war. At his best he was not surpassed as a batsman, and we welcome Mr. Warner's tribute. He might have added that Trumper's ease and grace were developed by practice, for in his first long innings at Lord's he played stiffly, though soundly. When he was at the height of his powers, no one could make good bowling look sillier. Half an hour of Trumper was better than many a mammoth score by steady and lucky batsmen.

THE HISTORICAL METHOD

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT. Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin. (Milford. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE wide historical survey, the survey in four dimensions, presenting simultaneously the march in time and the distribution in space, makes the most seductive of all reading. The subject of the history is of no great moment; it is enough that our passion to comprehend be gratified, that every item of the subject-matter be fitted into its place in a scheme, that we are enabled to look before and after. But it is to be remarked that the delightful feeling of comprehension afforded by the historical survey is not quite the same as that afforded by, say, mastering Einstein's theory or following one of Capablanca's games of chess. In reading history we are not, to the same extent, detached observers. For in reading history we are constantly aware of one indisputable fact which is a constant source of satisfaction.

That fact is that we are the last product of time. The historian may make us abashed for our morals, uneasy about our intelligence, but nothing can alter the fact that the whole tremendous process he describes has so far culminated in us. Hegel has been laughed at for tracing all things from chaos to their embodiment in the Prussian State. But does not every historian who brings his narrative up to date do the same thing? Even if our activities are represented as a mere "reaction," or even as a "decline," it remains true that we are the last point on the curve. Of course, our satisfaction must be illegitimate. It cannot be true that we are superior to the whole of the rest of creation merely because we are the last thing produced. Perhaps historians have a tendency to link up things a little too much; perhaps there has been no great process and we are just one of the confused happenings of the world. This extremely sceptical thought, on which we do not insist, has been occasioned by the glowing optimism, the marked "onward and upward" note of this collection of essays. Such unity as the volume has is a unity in hopefulness. In his introductory "General Survey" the editor sets the key in the words: "Soul-making—the practice and the theory—has become more and more clearly and consciously the object of human thought and endeavour." The effect of the whole book is to reinforce that statement.

When we listen to the individual voices, however, and are no longer carried away by the general exhilaration of the chorus, we become less confident about the meaning of the words. Professor A. E. Taylor, for instance, traces for us the course of those two streams, science and philosophy, and shows us that they are about to unite and flow in one bed. This appears to be the necessary result of the mathematical theory of infinite series and the absolute and unconditional nature of the moral law. But on achieving this union we find that another junction is now effected, this time with theology. The triple stream leads us in the end to "a theistic interpretation of life, that it is in the living God Who is over all, blessed for ever, that it will find the common source of fact and value." The way in which modern treatises on arithmetic conspire to this end is by disproving the Kantian doctrine that sense-data are a necessary constituent of scientific knowledge. We suppose that by science Professor Taylor here means logic. He cannot mean that sense-data are not a necessary part of Physics, Chemistry, Biology and the rest of the sciences. We mention this because Professor Taylor goes on to say: "And with this dogma falls the main ground for the denial that knowledge about the soul and God is attainable." We do not know to what denial he refers; its author would seem, in any case, to be a rash man. But the transition from this to the assumption that such knowledge has been obtained depends on the kind of

knowledge that is claimed. If it is communicable and verifiable knowledge it may be scientific, but not otherwise.

It will be seen that the effect of Professor Taylor's essay will depend upon the philosophic views of the reader. The arguments by which he supports his exposition will certainly not convince those who do not already agree with him, and in consequence his attractive picture of growing unity will inspire but a limited number of readers.

Professor Herford's essay on European Poetry also induces a feeling of uneasiness, but of a different kind. In the first place we must admit that he is skilled in that delightful accomplishment of the historian—we see our present activities as the more or less logical result of a long and extended process. One literary "school" after another rises before our eyes; we are shown the connecting links—sometimes a development, sometimes a reaction, and sometimes, most delightful of all, a merging of two or more schools into a larger unity. As we follow this sinuous movement and abandon ourselves to its increasing momentum, the whole subject becomes, in a curious way, abstract and, still more curiously, magnificent. The function of poetry becomes subtly altered until, in our excitement, we ask for more and more poets, more and more schools—just to keep the ball rolling. We are annoyed at missed opportunities for forming schools. "Surely an amalgamation was possible there," we mutter petulantly, or, "Did no one see that splendid opportunity for a reaction?"

It is when we arrive at our own time that we begin to suspect a vice in the method. We are shocked, this time, to realize that the whole epic culminates in us—to be precise, in our war-poets. The culmination is quite logical, so far as we can make out. Somehow our modern war-poetry contains within itself all those past developments and reactions, as the human embryo somehow contains within itself the dogs and fishes and what-not that preceded it. When we realized this the spell of the historian was loosed; we came back to our forgotten division of poetry into good and bad, and saw that it has no necessary connection with the historian's division into earlier and later. But there is no question that Professor Herford makes the method exciting.

The most exciting essay in the book, however, is that by Mr. Gooch on Historical Research. Compared with his description of the thrilling advances in our knowledge of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, our impending discovery of the Hittite language and history, the tremendous achievements of the German historians, their incredible learning, their vast industry, the modern ramifications of history, histories of ideas, of economics, of everything under the sun—compared with this Professor Bragg's account of atomic theories, although he does mention Einstein and hint at Quanta Theory, seems bloodless and inhuman, while Professor Doncaster on Biology—one long confession that we know much less than we expected to know by this time—seems positively pessimistic. It is Mr. Gooch and Professor Doncaster, between them, who have revealed to us the simple secret of the historical method. Our satisfaction is legitimate; we are not the youngest child of creation for nothing because, so far as we can tell, our learning has never before been equalled. We are the youngest, and we have most to learn. Earlier generations exist to provide material. That is why the essays in this volume which describe the march of human knowledge culminate rightly in this present age. It is a genuine culmination. But in matters like poetry and music—on which Dr. Walker has written an excellent essay—our position in time, so important to the historian, affords no presumption for a judgment of value. In knowledge of fact, even in a creative activity, such as science, which depends so much on knowledge of fact, we may fully absorb the acquisitions of our predecessors. The whole of past achievement, in this domain, is

communicable? In some sense, undoubtedly; but is it possible to absorb Dante's achievement as one can absorb Newton's? We may assert that the *Phil. Trans. Roy. Soc.* for 1920 embody and are an advance upon the *Phil. Trans. Roy. Soc.* for 1820. Can we say that the poetry of 1920 embodies and is an advance upon the poetry of 1820? But without some such assumption the hopeful glow induced by the historical survey is not permanent. It is an admirable corrective, after reading such histories, to disengage the different items from the "process" and to examine them separately.

J. W. N. S.

MR. HERBERT FISHER'S ESSAYS

STUDIES IN HISTORY AND POLITICS. By the Right Hon. Herbert Fisher. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE engulfment of Mr. Herbert Fisher in politics has been a serious loss to literature. These lectures and essays of his show such a wide range of reading, such a *mitis sapientia*, that many will regret that he should be tied to the Treasury bench when he might be exploring the Romantic Movement, or giving us the first adequate History of England between the Irish Union and the Vienna Congress, or even the Act of Reform. They are, however, in the nature of what Max Müller used to call "chips," and as such calculated to perplex a reviewer, unless he hops like a starling from one of Mr. Fisher's studies to another. Let us start, therefore, with discarding Ammianus, remarking merely that the essayist leaves him pretty much where Gibbon found him, and some thoughts on "Imperial Administration," with the comment that they should be much to the taste of his colleague Mr. Montagu. Lord Acton? Well, Lord Acton is an authority on the French Revolution, and so he will serve our purpose. For the connecting link in Mr. Fisher's volume is to be found in France—in France "famed" it may be, as Matthew Arnold says,

In all great arts, in none supreme,

but dynamically the most potent factor in the story of the modern world.

The criticism of Rousseau fills many shelves, but then he is at once the most delightful and the most exasperating of writers. Lord Morley has lectured Jean-Jacques for his inconsistencies, and Mr. Fisher follows suit, though in a gentler spirit. What is to be done with a man who belays private property in one place and comes uncommonly near collectivism in another; who told the Corsicans to find salvation in peasant farming, without currency or commerce, and the Poles to remain true to their elective monarchy, their *liberum veto*, and the other eccentricities of their constitution? The best way to treat Rousseau is to disregard him as a political philosopher, and to accept him as a prophet who foresaw many things, including the equality of man under the law. "Tous veulent que les conditions soient égales pour tous, et la justice n'est que cette égalité." Lord Acton took exception to this doctrine, because, as translated into practice by the Constituent Assembly, it was unaccompanied by the idea of liberty. "Having put the nation in place of the Crown," he wrote, "they invested it with the same unlicensed power, raising no security and no remedy against oppression from below, assuming or believing that a government truly representing the people could do no wrong." It is difficult, however, to decide what exactly Lord Acton meant by liberty, since while his Liberalism pulled him one way, his Catholicism dragged him the opposite. A thinker who regarded the Reformation as reactionary, and found consolation in the mediæval dualism between Church and Empire, certainly reversed all current conceptions of progress. The Revolution at least gave France free institutions, and safeguarded personal and real property, even if it was none too complacent to corporate

bodies. But it could be fairly argued that they had become abuses.

This system, as codified by Napoleon, extended itself over the face of Europe. As Mr. Fisher reminds us in one of his happiest essays, it penetrated to distant Illyria, where under the rigid rule of Marmont a State was established which anticipated, though with differences, the Jugo-Slavs of to-day. Everywhere feudal dues disappeared; trade-guilds were abolished, not altogether to the advantage of labour, and civil marriage proclaimed the divorce of the State from the Church. The great plan was imposed with rigour, particularly on Belgium, where, however, as the memoirs of Dumouriez point out, Danton had acted on the principle, *Sois mon frère ou je te tue*, before Napoleon had arrived. Much of it went by the board after his fall, but its principles germinated, and when united Italy came into being, it was on the Napoleonic model. But the most remarkable instance of French influence is to be found in the resurgence of Prussia after the crushing disaster of Jena. German historians have laboured to prove that Stein was an original reformer, and there is some force in their contention that similar grievances must demand similar remedies. But Hardenberg, at any rate, was an avowed copyist, only, being a pliant creature, he allowed the nobility to mangle his scheme for the emancipation of the peasants, probably without much regret. His bureaucracy was purely Napoleonic, and in conjunction with the military teaching of Clausewitz, it became the instrument of the absolutist State.

Napoleon was non-moral, imposing reforms on the Rhenish Provinces and Belgium, not for their benefit but his own. His nephew, though a man of much larger humanity, inherited that lust for conquest which inspired the Emperor's every thought. There can be no doubt that Napoleon III. set himself from first to last to undo the consequences of the Vienna Congress, and that his hankering after the Rhine frontier took a desperate turn when the collapse of Austria, at Sadowa, brought home to him the fact that he could not hope to acquire it as mediator between two exhausted combatants. Mr. Fisher illustrates his visionary yet crafty character with much skill, taking as his text that buoyant apology for failure, the memoirs of the late M. Emile Ollivier. The Minister was clearly throughout the dupe of the Emperor, who kept him in the dark as to his chief security, a delusive one, as it turned out—the draft treaty of an offensive and defensive alliance between France, Austria and Italy—and allowed the bellicose Duc de Gramont to steal marches on his colleague at every turn of the negotiations with Prussia. Bismarck's Ems telegram shrinks into a very small scrap of paper under Mr. Fisher's serene eye. It brought matters to a head, but the *causa causans* came rather from Paris than Berlin.

The degeneracy of Germany and the regeneration of France can be studied from their literary side in Mr. Fisher's pages. In the Fatherland we get the historians, or most of them, preaching the doctrine that a powerful State was an end in itself, before which all other considerations must give way, and war one of the just means to attain that end. There were, indeed, exceptions; and Mr. Fisher might have put in a good word for Ihne, Curtius and even Gregorovius, who wrote as scholars, not as pamphleteers, though the last descended with undue vigour on political Hamlets like Rienzi. In France, on the other hand, Paul Déroulède told his countrymen to take heart in accents that were somewhat raucous, while after him came M. Maurice Barrès, preaching a patriotism of a less aggressive brand. But the influence of pure literature on national upliftings can be easily exaggerated. M. Barrès has been a power in modern France because he has represented a Church which has borne with supreme dignity an enforced impoverishment.

L.L.S.

BUTTERFLIES

THE BLACK CURTAIN. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

IF we may know an author by the books he writes we should not hesitate in saying that Mr. Douglas Goldring's hobby, enthusiasm and passion is collecting superficialities. He is revealed in "The Black Curtain" as an ardent and highly successful hunter. For there are displayed in its pages not only all the "common" ones—particularly large, fine specimens in an excellent state of preservation—but a complete set of those superficial opinions and ideas which enjoyed a brief flutter in the art circles of London between the years 1913 and 1920. These are the cream of the collection, and although we remember seeing them in a cloud over Chelsea, over Bloomsbury, over Soho, it does not lessen our astonishment that the author should have captured them so successfully, pinned them down, made of them such a great, brave show. His characters are compact of them.

Here is the Russian revolutionary, with the blue eyes of a child and the short black beard of a fanatic, crushing strength, crushing sweetness out of his violin, talking of the earth as "my mother's breast," crying the stranger "friend," appearing and disappearing in the Russian way we have learned to accept, making the discovery—and announcing it—that human beings are like sheep, their true leaders are shepherds and their enemies may be compared to wolves, and plucking out of the air at the appropriate moment that steaming glass of tea with a slice of lemon floating in it. It says much for the superficiality of the hero, Philip Kane, writer, cosmopolitan, a little weary of Barcelona and Madrid, Vienna and Paris, that he should be at first glance entirely overwhelmed by Ivan Smirnoff. Years of foreign travel, loneliness, wrestling with and overcoming "inward dissatisfactions," and the development of "that rich inner life in which alone there was peace" had left him unprepared for the encounter. They might have met in the Oxford train rather than the funicular from Tibidabo . . . Is it not strange that a "citizen of the world" who "was, he felt, equipped at all points for the battle to preserve his own freedom against the world's encroachments," who believed in the ideal of human brotherhood, who was "rid of many early prejudices," should on the occasion of that meeting with Smirnoff "first, dimly, realize that the common people who worked with hand and brain were not quite so contented as, to the careless eye, they looked"?

But Mr. Goldring is very tender to his hero and does not seem to find it strange at all; he leads him out of the wilderness, *via* Paris, into the heart of London. The time has come, we are given to understand, when Philip Kane must live. "He was filled with the impatience of the trained athlete eager to be put to the test." . . . Anne Drummond, her bobbed head bent over two boxes with the word "Fuller's" printed on them, is the first human being he meets among the tiresome would-be Bohemians. When the absurd pictures are handed round she looks up with a grin and says she likes peppermint creams best. But at heart she is a Socialist, an internationalist, a scarlet revolutionary, desperately sincere, spontaneous, "with a hint of fresh sexuality," longing to live for the people, to dedicate her life to the Cause, to go to the Venetian Ball, to smoke cigarettes. No wonder he finds her a "joyous enigma."

Holy matrimony and the toddling feet of a bevy of little strangers? Heaven forbid. The snare was too obvious.

And so they love and are happy, except for those intervals when Philip ponders over the idea of "that monstrous figure round which the London pleasure-maniacs revolved . . . that invisible altar on which they were pouring their

libations of dry Monopole. When would the great idol become thirsty again for a salt and crimson wine?" This, *bien entendu*, is the cue for the Great War, and he stalks on while Philip calls him "humbug" and points the finger of scorn at indifferent England. But Anne is tossed to the monster, and the end of it all finds Smirnoff and our hero contemplating the "red Dawn—cold, terrible, relentless, but bearing with it the promise of the new day." If the reader shuts his eyes at this point he will have no trouble in imagining the last superficiality.

"Come, my friend," said Smirnoff . . . "Let us rest now, for we must work."

K. M.

A PLEA FOR THE SEPTUAGINT

A HANDBOOK TO THE SEPTUAGINT. By Richard R. Ottley. (Methuen. 8s. net.)

DR. HITZIG, of Heidelberg, the Old Testament scholar of last century, is said to have begun his class by addressing his students thus: "Gentlemen, have you a Septuagint? If not, sell whatever you have, and buy a Septuagint." Mr. Ottley presses for a similar attention in this country to the most ancient Greek version of the Old Testament. Indeed, English students ought to carry on the good tradition which Cambridge has done so much to establish among us. Oxford has given us the Concordance of Hatch and Redpath, but it is Cambridge which is producing a critical edition of the text. This is in full swing, and Professor Swete's "Introduction" is a standard work. When Mr. Thackeray finishes his Grammar—and we hope he will out-distance Helbing—there will be no excuse for the English student or scholar undervaluing the Septuagint. Meantime, especially in days when Greek is struggling for its existence in academic circles, we welcome every competent reminder of the paramount importance of Greek to the Old Testament scholar. To quote Mr. Ottley's own words:

The text available is so much improved that it may be hoped that the Septuagint is coming to its own, not only as a hunting-ground for specialists, but as a source of profit and interest to ordinary Biblical students. It may now be comfortably read by all Hellenists, and need no longer be a sealed book to that interesting but rare person the general reader.

The profit and interest are varied. In point of style and literary distinction the Septuagint ranges from third-class to first-class, and even its highest reaches, which are few, never attain the level of the Vulgate, for example, in the book of Psalms. So far as insight into the original text is concerned, the witness of the Septuagint is not quite so vital as it was once supposed by some critics to be. But its evidence is in constant need of being consulted. Mr. Ottley's conclusion is "that here and there the LXX. may represent, or may give help towards recovering, a better text than the M.T. [*i.e.*, the Massoretic Hebrew text]; but in the majority of passages the M.T. holds its own." This is moderate, and on the whole the verdict is not unjustified. Historically the Septuagint has claims to special interest, for the New Testament writers as a rule used it as we do, or did, the Authorized Version, for dogmatic purposes. Even a later Father of the Church, like Hilary of Poitiers, preferred it to the Hebrew original. Its use by Christians, with its consequent disuse by the Jews, naturally tended to affect its text, and this is one of the intricate problems of Septuagintal study. How far is our present text of the Septuagint interpolated or adapted by Christian editors? To what extent does it represent the original text of the translators? On these and other points Mr. Ottley writes with excellent good sense. He has produced a text-book which is less technical than Professor Swete's, but which has a place and function of its own. Part of his work is historical, part is textual; and practical hints are added for the benefit of the beginner, who might be bewildered if he were set down to Dr. Swete's standard treatise. It would be a pity if the papyri diverted attention from this monument of Hellenistic Greek in ancient religious literature. Mr. Ottley shows reason why they should not, and he has done his best to interest men with a minimum of Greek in the Greek Old Testament, as a translation which in one sense is a creative literary effort.

MARGINALIA

TO read through the old *ATHENÆUMS* of ninety years ago is to discover that ours is not the only age in which the proportion of bad books to good ones has been overwhelmingly high. In only one respect had the reviewer of 1830 any advantage over his descendant of 1920: there were fewer books to review. The ratio of bad to good has remained, I should imagine, fairly constant; but where the reviewer of ninety years ago calculated in hundreds we have to think more imperially in terms of thousands and tens of thousands. But even with the comparatively tiny output of those days the literary journalist of 1830 had his fair share of nonsense to wade through. Looking through the old files of *THE ATHENÆUM*, one is astonished at the dismal quality, the depressing quantity of the bad books.

It was, therefore, with a thrill of pleased recognition that I came upon the name of William Godwin. "Cloudesley: a Tale," by the author of "Caleb Williams," was one of the features of the spring list of 1830. *THE ATHENÆUM* greeted the book with a tempered enthusiasm. Godwin in principle and theoretically it admired and respected. He was very nearly a great man. He was a historical figure, a link with the noble past, and though "Political Justice" might have come, in the course of mellowing years, to look a little comic, its author could at least write a fine pure English style.

The announcement of a new novel by so distinguished a writer as Mr. Godwin [says the reviewer] was welcomed with more indifference than we looked for by the reading world. To us it gave great pleasures of expectation, and we even hoped that the vigour of thought and style which makes "St. Leon" and "Caleb Williams" so delightful, might to some degree reclaim the public taste from those foolish idolatries that now degrade it, when a host of gentlemen, with no materials save effrontery and the Court Guide, undertake to teach the mob how the great live and the wise talk in fashionable and political novels. We remember the breathless interest with which we first hung over Mr. Godwin's pages; the harrowing pathos with which he told the sufferings of the humblest and least attractive characters, the *Æschylean* power with which he painted some wretched man struggling against irresistible necessity, condemned, though innocent, to all the pains of guilt, and above all the fervid eloquence that cast a burning splendour around these magnificent conceptions.

Godwin in principle, then, was admirable, and his novel might give the intensest "pleasures of expectation." But when it came to reading "Cloudesley" . . . alas! the reviewer, being an honest man, has to admit that it is an atrocious novel. I have never read "Cloudesley"; nor, unless the secret of indefinitely prolonging human life is discovered within the next few years, do I propose to waste an hour of my brief existence in such a profitless occupation. "St. Leon," which so much delighted the reviewer of 1830, is one of the books I have tried to read, miserably failing in the attempt. But "Caleb Williams" I have read, and read with pleasure, though not perhaps with all the transports of the reviewer of 1830. Godwin's total inability to draw a character, the impotence of his imagination to comprehend and enter into the chaos of human life—these were defects that made it impossible for him to be a good novelist. But he made up to some extent for these defects by the intensity of his political convictions. "Caleb Williams" is a dramatized essay on the evils of the tyranny of one class over another. "Zounds, how I have been deceived!" cries honest Thomas, when he sees Caleb Williams chained up like a wild beast in the county gaol. "They told me what a fine thing it was to be an Englishman, and about liberty and property and all that there; and I find it is all a flam." The intensity with which Godwin believed that social life was "all a flam," his passion to show up "Things as they are" (the sub-title of his book), carried him on in triumph. It is the warmth of this intellectual fire that makes the book still readable.

In 1830, when "Cloudesley" made its appearance Godwin was a totally extinct volcano. Forty years before he had been a prophet, a voice, the inspiration of noble spirits; now he was just a harmless and cheerful old gentleman. There are few fates more melancholy and at the same time more absurd than that of the once famous man who lives on to see his ashes carried to the Pantheon and there duly buried and forgotten. Godwin's case reminds one of that even more remarkable example of a man who outlived a generation the death of his early fame. Philip James Bailey published his "Festus" in 1839, when he was twenty-three years of age; he died in 1902.

Bailey had many of the attributes of greatness, not least among which was his appearance. His bust, taken in 1846, shows us a young man with a more than Shakespearean brow, wide, high and precipitous, large rapt eyes, a mouth set obstinately firm and a mass of hyacinthine hair. (One of the causes, by the way, of the apparent lack, at the present time, of great men lies in the poverty of the contemporary male coiffure. Rich in whiskers, beards and leonine manes, the great Victorians never failed to look the part; nowadays it is impossible to know a great man when you see one.) Besides the grand appearance, Bailey possessed the grand outlook and the heroic energy of greatness. He was at home in interstellar space, he was familiar with angels and devils; he had spacious views about Man and Destiny he was not afraid of being didactic;

(Where true philosophy presides
Pleasure it is to teach,

he remarks with a rather pleasing ingenuousness); and he was not afraid of length. But there was something not quite right about his imagination. Transmuted into verse, his grand ideas and his energy became highly coloured fustian. At its best this fustian was very good fustian. There are great gaudy similes and purple passages which, in certain moods, are a pleasure to read. One enjoys, every now and then, to hear of

liquescent plains
Of ever seething flame, where sink and rise
Alp-blebs of fire, vast, vagrant.

At the same time one can easily have too much of this kind of thing. In tenderer and more lyrical moments Bailey could display a luscious facility that makes Moore seem exquisitely refined. Here is one of his songs:

I dreamed of thee, love, in the morn,
And a poet's bright dreamings drew nigh:
I woke, and I laughed them to scorn;
They were black by the blink of thine eye.

I dreamed of thee, love, in the day,
And I wept as I slept o'er thy charms:
I awoke as my dreams went away,
And my tears were all wet on my arms.

It makes one blush to commit such lines, even at second-hand, to paper.

"Festus" was received with transports by the public of 1839. (*THE ATHENÆUM* raised almost the only inharmonious voice in the general chorus of praise: "The idea is a mere plagiarism of 'Faust' with all its impiety and scarcely any of its poetry.") People might still look at the work if Bailey had been content to leave it as it originally appeared. But no, in the course of a long and leisured life he set himself to make a hundred Miltonic lines grow where only one grew before, so that, when the jubilee edition was published in 1889, "Festus" was a work of forty thousand lines. Thenceforward it was in vain that Bailey adjoined humanity in his Envoi:

Read this, world! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired:
Night or day, thought came unhelped and undesired
Like blood to the heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high.

AUTOLYCUS.

SCOTTISH DIALECT IN EARLY
ENGLISH LITERATURE

FROM the English standpoint, long before the union of the crowns in 1603, the Scottish language was regarded as a dialect of English, the Northern dialect—distinguished by certain forms of phrase, pronunciation and grammar from the other dialects, the Midland and the Southern. Its earliest notable use in this respect in English literature is to be found in the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, who made the East Midland (already the language of the Court) the literary and ultimately the national or standard language of England. In one of these tales (the Reeve's) figure two Scottish students, resident at Soler Hall, Cambridge (or Granta-bridge); and the gist of the tale is their series of adventures at Trumpington Mill in the neighbourhood of that ancient collegiate seat of learning. Their names, appropriate to the North Country, are John and Allan; and both belong to Strother (probably Anstruther, in the east of Fife), described by Chaucer as "far in the north, I can't say exactly where." They swear by St. Cuthbert, a Northern saint; and their general characterization is as evidently from the life as their use of the Northern dialect is perfect. When the miller asks them what they are doing at the mill instead of the steward, they say: "Need has nae peer; him boes serve himsel that has nae swain" (i.e., We have no choice, it behoves him that has no servant to serve himself); and explain that the steward is laid up with toothache—"Sae wirkes aye the wanges in his heid; an' therefore is I come with Allan" (says John) "to grind our corn, and cary it hame again." Ostensibly to satisfy their curiosity in the working of a mill, but really to prevent the miller from thieving, they take up their position in the mill with a simplicity of cunning which does not deceive the miller. "I'll stand by the happer," says John, "an' see how the corn gaes in: yet saw I never anything like the wey the happer wags till an' fra!" "And I'll be beneath," says Allan, "an' see how the meal fa's down into the troch; that sal be my disport—for, John, i' faith, I may been of your sort; I is as ill a miller as ye!" The miller, however, was their match. He unbound their horse, which they had fastened to a tree at the back of the mill, and while they went off in pursuit of the runaway, he helped himself to half a bushel of the College meal, filling up the sack with bran to the same amount. John was the first to discover that the horse was missing, and raised the alarm. "Haro!" he shouted; "our horse is lost! Allan, for godsake! step on your feet! Come out, man, a' at ance! Our warden has lost his pony!"

"Whilk wey is he gane?" cried Allan, making his prompt appearance. At last they descried him at the far end of the bog beyond the mill-dam, enjoying his freedom with other horses there at pasture. They prepared to capture him by divesting themselves of all encumbrances. "He'll no' escape us baith!" says John; "but why did ye no' pit the capul i' the lathe? Ye were a fule no' to pit the capul i' the lathe!"

Capul, meaning a horse, is still in occasional use on Ochil farms: I incline to connect it with the Latin *caballus*. But *lathe*, meaning a shed, or barn, or byre, is now obsolete in current speech, though it survives in many a place-name all over Scotland—Lethangie, Lathro, Ledlanet, Lathrisk, etc.

But to return to the two scholars. It was a busy trouble to catch the horse. They ran here and they ran there; the countryside rang with their shouts. "Stand! stand!" they shouted to the horse; "Kep, kep!" they cried to each other. They met again and again to consult. "Gae whistly [i.e., quietly] thou," says John, now quite exhausted, "and I sal kep him here." The miller stood at the mill-door and viewed the scene from afar. "Let the children play," he said; "they get him not so easily." The miller was right; it was nightfall, and indeed quite dark, "when in a ditch they caught him at the last."

Elsewhere in the tale they quote a North Country proverb:

Man sal tak o' twa things,
Slyk as he finds or slyk as he brings.

Slyk is, of course, so- or such-like. They also speak of having "siller'for to spend"; and call a wonderful thing a "ferly," and a sound sleeper a "draff-seck."

It may be noted that Scottish students at the English Universities were no great rarity in the fourteenth century. Barbour, the author of "The Bruce," when Archdeacon of Aberdeen, was accustomed to accompany bands of Northern students to Oxford, by special arrangement with that famous seat of learning. Accredited students had a free pass even in war-time.

Captain Jamy (well named: James has always been a popular Christian name in Scotland—even before the Jameses came on the throne) is Shakespeare's Scotsman who speaks in dialect. His companions (in the play "Henry V.") are the Welsh Captain Fluellen (Llewellyn with the preliminary flourish, *ph!*) and the Irish Captain Macmorris, who also express themselves in their national dialect. Greater prominence is given to the Welshman, probably because Shakespeare had greater knowledge of the Welsh character. As a Warwickshire man, born and bred in the Severn basin not far from the Welsh border, he must have been well acquainted with a Welshman's difficulties with the English tongue. Captain Jamy is apparently a soldier of fortune, fighting under the English flag at Agincourt. His figure is a mere outline, but the sketch is characteristic of his class and nation. There is in him the making of a Dugald Dalgetty. He comes on amid all the bustle and business of a siege, under the walls of Harfleur; and is punctiliously polite in a slow, broad accent: "I say gude day, Captain Fluellen," he says. Fluellen had a high opinion of him—"a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans." The talk soon becomes general among the captains, and when Fluellen proposes to Macmorris "a few disputations with him, touching the disciplines of the Roman wars, look you, and friendly communications, for the satisfaction of his mind," Jamy, who is as ready to argufy as to fight, agrees at once to the proposal—"It sal be verra gude, gude faith," he says, "gude captains baith, and I sal quit you with gude leave, as I may find occasion; that sal I, marry!" The Irishman, however, begs off—"This is no time," he says, "to discourse; the town is beseeched [besieged] and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk and do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all; there is throats to be cut and works to be done, and there is nothing done." "By the mess," says Captain Jamy, "ere these een o' mine tak theirsels to slumber, a'll do gude service, or a'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and a'll pey for't as valorously as I can, that sal I surely do: an' that's the brief an' the long o't. An' yet I wad fu' fain hear some question 'tween you tway." But Macmorris makes a personal quarrel of the matter, and threatens to cut off the Welshman's head there and then. Whereupon the English captain intervenes: "Gentlemen both," he says, "you mistake each other." And with him sensible Captain Jamy agrees—"Ah!" he says, "that's a foul fault." Just then a parley is sounded, the quarrel is postponed to a better opportunity.

Both Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher make similar casual references to the North Country dialect. The former (who was of Annandale origin) introduces a Scots character, in "Bartholomew Fair," who complains of London ale as "too mighty"—"I'll nae mair o't," he says, "I'll nae mair! I is e'en as fu' o't as a piper's bag." In another play, "The Sad Shepherd," a Scotsman's rude manner of address is about to lay the foundation of a quarrel with an Englishman, who had civilly asked the Northerner whether he had seen a raven. "Saw you the raven, friend?"

"Ay," was the reply; "wha suld let me [i.e., prevent me] ? I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I?" The Englishman stares in astonishment. "A little more civility would not hurt you," he says.

But Robin Hood intervenes with the timely remark: "Nay, you must give them [meaning the Scots in general] all their rudenesses; they are not else themselves without their language."

A similar comment is made in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit at Several Weapons" on the pronunciation of the North Briton: he cannot conceal his nationality: "He speaks so broad he publishes all."

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

Science

THE NATURE OF INFERENCE

IMPLICATION AND LINEAR INFERENCE. By Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE analysis of inference is a matter which has been dealt with very copiously by philosophers, and yet has made but little advance towards a solution. The reason of the small progress that has been made is chiefly that various different questions have been confounded, and the solution of each rendered impossible by the influence of the others. "Inference," says Dr. Bosanquet, "includes *prima facie* every operation by which knowledge extends itself. When, by reason of one or more things that you know, you believe yourself to have arrived at the knowledge of something further, you claim to have effected an inference." There is nothing that can be objected to in this definition. At the same time a little consideration shows how many quite diverse problems are raised by it. It will be seen, in the first place, that the definition only allows the name of inference to operations which give knowledge, that is to say, to valid inferences from true premisses, and the question of truth and validity is therefore involved. In the second place, the phrase "by reason of" is capable of various meanings: it may mean psychological causation merely, or it may mean something which appears to the person making the inference to be a transition according to the laws of logic, or it may mean something which actually is according to the laws of logic. We are thus forced to ask ourselves two kinds of questions, the one kind psychological, the other logical. Let us begin with the psychological questions.

Inferring, considered as an event which actually takes place, is, among other things, a passage from one or more beliefs to a new belief which is an effect of them. We do not wish to suggest that, whenever certain beliefs cause a new belief, we have inference. We wish to suggest only the converse of this, that whenever we infer, certain beliefs cause a new belief. Most people would agree that there is no inferring, in the proper sense of the term, unless we are aware of the connection of the premisses with the conclusion which they cause; but the connection of which we have to be aware is not a causal connection, but a connection of logical dependence. So long as we remain on the psychological level we ought to admit among inferences those that are invalid as well as those that are valid. In that case we must not say that we are *aware* of the logical connection of premisses and conclusion, but only that we *believe* there is such a connection—a belief which may, of course, be mistaken. In any case, when we believe that there is such a connection, we believe that there has been an inference. It often happens that one belief causes another directly, and that, from unwillingness to suppose ourselves irrational, we believe that there is a logical connection between them, and therefore believe that we have inferred. If Hume is right, something of this sort occurs in all our beliefs as to causes, or at any rate in many of them—for it is difficult to state Hume's theory in a way which does not assume some knowledge of the causation of beliefs. One might, perhaps, state the essence of Hume's sceptical theory of causation in this way: When A and B have been frequently conjoined in our experience, belief in A is apt to be succeeded by belief in B. Observing this succession, and wishing to imagine ourselves rational beings, we invent a "law of causality," according to which A is always followed by B, so that we are logically justified in passing from belief in A to belief in B. In this form the theory assumes that the sort of sequence which we should like to regard

as universal does very frequently take place, at any rate as regards psychological matters, but it does not assume that any such sequence is actually universal. It is difficult to refute Hume's theory. Every philosopher since Kant has professed to refute it, but no refutation has been so decisive as not to need emendation by later philosophers. We may presume that no doctrine could have needed so much refutation, unless it had been true. It seems probable, further, that practically all the substantial inferences that we make, as opposed to the purely formal inferences of logic and mathematics, are more or less of the above nature, that is to say, we have first a purely psychological causation of one belief by another, and then a general principle invented with a view to making the inference seem logically legitimate.

This view, however, is the very antithesis of Dr. Bosanquet's. He, as is well known, believes that "reality is a system of mutually determinate parts." He believes that from any one part of truth any other part can be inferred, at any rate in theory. He believes that the world is organic, and that its portions are so interdependent that no one can be changed without changing all. This view governs his whole theory of inference. Inference for him depends essentially upon the perception of system. It is not a purely formal matter proceeding according to the rules of the syllogism, or the modernized substitute of the mathematical logician. Such deduction—whether called deduction or masquerading as induction—is what Dr. Bosanquet calls "linear inference," and is his especial bugbear. In all inference, according to him, the whole of truth and the whole of reality is relevant. "The essence of an inference, then, would be in showing of any suggested assertion, that unless we accepted it, our province of truth would as a whole be taken from us." He condenses this into the formula "this or nothing," *i.e.*, whenever we infer, it is supposed that a refusal to admit the inference would involve us in a universal scepticism not only as to the matter in hand, but as to all our knowledge. This view rests, of course, upon the familiar Hegelian logic which has been set forth by Mr. Bradley, by Dr. Bosanquet himself, and by many other writers. The grounds for this logic will not be found in the present volume, which merely assumes it. "It is enough to rely," he says in one place, "on the insight that nothing is really certain except the whole, for it is impossible to say that, apart from the conditions which the whole furnishes, anything would be what it is." But is Dr. Bosanquet really content to rely on "insight" in this fundamental matter? He is never tired of urging that logic does not proceed from direct self-evident principles such, for example, as that of the syllogism, yet passages like the above suggest that Dr. Bosanquet, too, has his fundamental logical principles which he accepts solely because to him they appear self-evident. Those to whom it seems that the world is a very fragmentary place will have difficulty in accepting his insight. To them it will seem that all sorts of things are accidental, and might very well have been quite other than they are without infringing any principle of logic. In this view they will be supported by the perception that the laws of nature, including the law of causality itself, are wholly devoid of logical necessity, and that any one of them might be infringed without damage to pure logic. Kant, who perceived that all these laws are synthetic, would have been less hostile to this view than Hegel and his disciples.

This brings us to our second set of questions in regard to inference, namely, logical questions. Dr. Bosanquet's definition, as we saw, requires that, in an inference, the conclusions should really follow logically from the premisses. The question is therefore forced upon us: In what circumstances does this occur? When we pare away all that is derived from causality and experience, we seem reduced to one terribly simple answer: The conclusion

only follows logically from the premisses when it is actually part of what the premisses assert. From the premiss that "Socrates was a wise man" we can validly infer that he was a man. Such inferences are considered trivial when they are simple, as in the above instance, yet they cover the whole of pure mathematics. But they do not cover anything else. They do not cover, for example, the sort of inferences which lead to a man's being condemned in a criminal trial. All such inferences rest upon causality and are in some degree extra-logical. To demonstrate this conclusion is impossible within the scope of a review. It could not be done in less than two volumes, the first devoted to refuting the organic conception of knowledge and the world, the second to tracing the logical consequence of what we may call the atomic conception.

Dr. Bosanquet devotes a chapter to a question which is a difficult one for the point of view which he represents, namely, "In what sense logic appeals to the study of mind." The problem arises in this way: It is we who infer, and therefore mind is involved in the occurrence of inference, but it is not we who decide the conditions of validity, since these are part of the conditions of truth, and the truth of our beliefs depends upon facts outside them. It is, however, desired by all philosophers that some method should be found of proving that an inference actually made will be valid if certain assignable conditions are fulfilled. No philosopher is content to say, "We often pass, by what appears to us to be an inference, from certain beliefs to certain others. But it is quite impossible to know when the new beliefs to which we pass are true, or truly consequences of the old beliefs, in the sense that they must be true if the old beliefs were true." Such a view would be too sceptical to be comfortable, and it is the business of philosophy, as of religion, to administer comfort. It is therefore necessary to demonstrate that the human mind is so constructed as to "secrete truth, as the liver secretes bile." True, it sometimes secretes falsehood, but this has to be shown to be exceptional and avoidable. There has to be, therefore, some affinity between logic and the operations of the mind. It has to be shown that logic represents, in some degree, the way we think. It is clear that such a proof can only hope to succeed by dint of great obscurity, and it must be admitted that in the pursuit of obscurity Hegel and his followers have easily outdistanced all competitors. For this purpose it has been necessary to invent the study of theory of knowledge, intermediate between psychology and pure logic—a study in which we are not concerned with the way in which actual men and women do, in fact, think, for that would include the thoughts of idiots, maniacs, savages and non-Hegelians generally. What we are concerned with in this study is a norm, a way in which "the mind" works ideally, just as Hegelian politics is concerned with the working of "the State"—a body which, though adumbrated by Prussia, has never really existed on earth. And so we find Dr. Bosanquet saying:

To deny that logic is founded on psychology is one thing. To deny that pure logic involves propositions about mental process is quite another. The former negation seems to me unquestionably true, but the latter unquestionably false.

Dr. Bosanquet is led, by his view that mental process is relevant to logic, to take sides on questions of empirical psychology:

The separation of Psychology from Logic [he says] has largely been due to a vicious doctrine of Association. Mind, it has been thought, begins with chance conjunctions of particulars, and the laws of association are mere causal laws of conditions under which presented particulars come to be conjoined and reproduced in connection. If this were true, there would be a chasm between logic and psychology which could hardly be bridged. . . . But this is not so, and with the refutation of this point of view the plausibility of the severance between real and ideal vanishes, as its truth has vanished before.

It is difficult to believe that any theory of logic can be valid which requires a particular view on a moot point of an empirical study such as psychology. Indeed, the attempt to establish a study of mind other than empirical psychology must always break down on just such points. For our part, we cannot see any basis for the suggested view of logic, except the partial immunity from error which it is supposed to secure; but this is a basis in desire, not in psychology. If the opposite point of view leads to the conclusion that we can never be sure of the validity of our inferences, that is no doubt highly regrettable, but does not afford any ground for supposing the point of view mistaken.

B. R.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—March 18.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. The following papers were read: "On a Form of *Botrytis cinerea* with Colourless Sclerotia," by W. B. Brierley; and "A Preliminary Account of the Meiotic Phenomena in the Pollen Mother-cells and Tapetum of Lettuce (*Lactuca sativa*)," by R. R. Gates.

ZOOLOGICAL.—March 30.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President, in the chair.

Sir Frank Colyer exhibited and made remarks on a series of photographs of skulls of *Macacus rhesus*, showing pathological conditions of the teeth.—Professor H. Maxwell Lefroy exhibited photographs attesting the existence of egret farms in Sind.—Mr. R. H. Burne exhibited a series of pigs' mandibles from the New Hebrides, showing overgrowth of the lower tusk owing to removal of the maxillary tusk.

Dr. C. F. Sonntag read a paper on "Abnormalities of the Abdominal Arteries of a Young Panda."—In the absence of Mr. A. Loveridge, his paper on "East African Lizards collected in 1915-19, with Description of a New Genus and Species of Skink and a New Subspecies of Gecko," was taken as read.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 16. Royal Institution, 9.—"The Menace of Man's Dispersal of Insect Pests," Professor H. M. Lefroy.
- Sat. 17. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Thermionic Vacuum Tube," Lecture I., Dr. W. H. Eccles.
Viking (University of London, South Kensington), 3.—Annual Meeting.
- Mon. 19. Society of Arts, 8.—"Aluminium and its Alloys," Lecture II., Dr. W. Rosenhain. (Cantor Lecture.)
Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"Some Problems connected with Agricultural Policy," Mr. C. Browning Fisher.
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"An Air-Route Reconnaissance from the Pacific to the Amazon," Flight Commander G. M. Dyott.
- Tues. 20. Royal Institution, 3.—"Recent Advances in X-Ray Work," Lecture II., Major G. W. C. Kaye.
Royal Statistical, 5.15.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Coal Conservation in the United Kingdom," Sir Dugald Clerk.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Races of the Chindwin, Upper Burma," Mr. R. Grant Brown.
- Wed. 21. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Commercial Future of Airships," Air-Commodore E. Maitland.
Meteorological, 5.—"Royal Observatory, Greenwich: Polar Night-Sky Recorder"; "Local Weather Conditions at Mullion, Cornwall," Lieut. N. L. Silvester; "The Surrey Hailstorm of July 16, 1918," Mr. J. E. Clark.
Geological, 5.30.—"The Devonian of Ferques Bas-Boulonnais," Mr. J. W. Dudley Robinson; "The Cambrian Horizons of Comley (Shropshire), and their Brachiopoda, Pteropoda, Gasteropoda, etc.," Mr. E. Sterling Cobbold.
Royal Microscopical, 8.
- Thurs. 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Tensile Strength of Liquids," Mr. Sydney Skinner.
Royal, 4.30.—"Researches on the Elastic Properties and the Plastic Extension of Metals," Professor W. E. Dalby; "Experiments on the Pressure Wave thrown out by Submarine Explosions," H. W. Hilliar; "A Study of the Catalytic Action at Solid Surfaces," Parts III. and IV., E. F. Armstrong and T. P. Hilditch; "On the Structure of the Balmer Series of Hydrogen Lines," Dr. T. R. Merton; "Diamagnetism due to Free Electrons," Professor H. A. Wilson.

Fine Arts

NEGRO SCULPTURE AT THE CHELSEA BOOK CLUB

WHAT a comfortable mental furniture the generalizations of a century ago must have afforded! What a right little, tight little, round little world it was when Greece was the only source of culture, when Greek art, even in Roman copies, was the only indisputable art, except for some Renaissance repetitions! Philosophy, the love of truth, liberty, architecture, poetry, drama, and for all we knew music—all these were the fruits of a special kind of life, each assisted the development of the other, each was really dependent on all the rest. Consequently if we could only learn the Greek lessons of political freedom and intellectual self-consciousness all the rest would be added unto us.

And now, in the last sixty years, knowledge and perception have poured upon us so fast that the whole well-ordered system has been blown away, and we stand naked to the blast, scarcely able to snatch a hasty generalization or two to cover our nakedness for a moment.

Our desperate plight comes home to one at the Chelsea Book Club, where are some thirty chosen specimens of negro sculpture. If to our ancestors the poor Indian had "an untutored mind," the Congolese's ignorance and savagery must have seemed too abject for discussion. One would like to know what Dr. Johnson would have said to anyone who had offered him a negro idol for several hundred pounds. It would have seemed then sheer lunacy to listen to what a negro savage had to tell us of his emotions about the human form. And now one has to go all the way to Chelsea in a chastened spirit and prostrate oneself before his "stocks and stones."

We have the habit of thinking that the power to create expressive plastic form is one of the greatest of human achievements, and the names of great sculptors are handed down from generation to generation, so that it seems unfair to be forced to admit that certain nameless savages have possessed this power not only in a higher degree than we at this moment, but than we as a nation have ever possessed it. And yet that is where I find myself. I have to admit that some of these things are great sculpture—greater, I think, than anything we produced even in the Middle Ages. Certainly they have the special qualities of sculpture in a higher degree. They have indeed complete plastic freedom; that is to say, these African artists really conceive form in three dimensions. Now this is rare in sculpture. All archaic European sculpture—Greek and Romanesque, for instance—approaches plasticity from the point of view of bas-reliefs. The statue bears traces of having been conceived as the combination of front, back and side bas-reliefs. And this continues to make itself felt almost until the final development of the tradition. Complete plastic freedom with us seems only to come at the end of a long period, when the art has attained a high degree of representational skill and when it is generally already decadent from the point of view of imaginative significance.

Now the strange thing about these African sculptures is that they bear, as far as I can see, no trace of this process. Without ever attaining anything like representational accuracy they have complete freedom. The sculptors seem to have no difficulty in getting away from the two-dimensional plane. The neck and the torso are conceived as cylinders, not as masses with a square section. The head is conceived as a pear-shaped mass. It is conceived as a single whole, not arrived at by approach from the mask, as with almost all primitive European art. The

mask itself is conceived as a concave plane cut out of this otherwise perfectly unified mass.

And here we come upon another curious difference between negro sculpture and our own, namely, that the emphasis is utterly different. Our emphasis has always been affected by our preferences for certain forms which appeared to us to mark the nobility of man. Thus we shrink from giving the head its full development; we like to lengthen the legs and generally to force the form into a particular type. These preferences seem to be dictated not by a plastic bias, but by our reading of the physical symbols of certain qualities which we admire in our kind, such, for instance, as agility, a commanding presence, or a pensive brow. The negro, it seems, either has no such preferences, or his preferences happen to coincide more nearly with what his feeling for pure plastic design would dictate. For instance, the length, thinness and isolation of our limbs render them extremely refractory to fine plastic treatment, and the negro scores heavily by his willingness to reduce the limbs to a succession of ovoid masses sometimes scarcely longer than they are broad. Generally speaking, one may say that his plastic sense leads him to give its utmost amplitude and relief to all the protuberant parts of the body, and to get thereby an extraordinarily emphatic and impressive sequence of planes. So far from clinging to two dimensions, as we tend to do, he actually underlines, as it were, the three-dimensionality of his forms. It is in some such way, I suspect, that he manages to give to his forms their disconcerting vitality, the suggestion that they make of being not mere echoes of actual figures, but of possessing an inner life of their own. If the negro artist wanted to make people believe in the potency of his idols he certainly set about it in the right way.

Besides the logical comprehension of plastic form which the negro shows, he has also an exquisite taste in his handling of material. No doubt in this matter his endless leisure has something to do with the marvellous finish of these works. An instance of this is seen in the treatment of the tattoo cicatrices. These are always rendered in relief, which means that the artist has cut away the whole surface around them. I fancy most sculptors would have found some less laborious method of interpreting these markings. But this patient elaboration of the surface is characteristic of most of these works. It is seen to perfection in a wooden cup covered all over with a design of faces and objects that look like clubs in very low relief. The *galbe* of this cup shows a subtlety and refinement of taste comparable to that of the finest Oriental craftsmen.

It is curious that a people who produced such great artists did not produce also a culture in our sense of the word. This shows that two factors are necessary to produce the cultures which distinguish civilized peoples. There must be, of course, the creative artist, but there must also be the power of conscious critical appreciation and comparison. If we imagined such an apparatus of critical appreciation as the Chinese have possessed from the earliest times applied to this negro art, we should have no difficulty in recognizing its singular beauty. We should never have been tempted to regard it as savage or unrefined. It is for want of a conscious critical sense and the intellectual powers of comparison and classification that the negro has failed to create one of the great cultures of the world, and not from any lack of the creative aesthetic impulse, nor from lack of the most exquisite sensibility and the finest taste. No doubt also the lack of such a critical standard to support him leaves the artist much more at the mercy of any outside influence. It is likely enough that the negro artist, although capable of such profound imaginative understanding of form, would accept our cheapest illusionist art with humble enthusiasm.

ROGER FRY.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

CHelsea BOOK CLUB.—Paintings and Drawings by Elliott Seabrooke, Alan Walton, Rupert Lee and Keith Baynes. NEW ART SALON.—April Exhibition.

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Water-Colours by Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale, R.W.S.—Landscapes in Oil and Water-Colour by Mark Fisher, R.A.

CONCURRENTLY with the collection of negro sculpture, the Chelsea Book Club has arranged an exhibition of paintings and drawings by four young artists. Mr. Baynes is a painter whose progress we have been observing for some time. He received his training at the Slade School, and his first encouragement from members of the Camden Town Group, who influenced his early work. Later he responded to the Cézanne revolution. His water-colours shown from time to time in the London Group exhibitions revealed an appreciation of essential relations, a quality which is also evident in his exhibits at Cheyne Walk. These are oil paintings and their merit is sufficient to justify the employment of the more ambitious medium. Too often young artists plunge into oil painting from arbitrary or non-æsthetic motives; but in the case of Mr. Baynes the change clearly indicates a conviction that the moment has arrived for the solution of major problems and the revelation of his personality as a painter. This personality, as it appears here, is made up of a gentle sensibility directed by considerable intelligence, and a vision which has a genuinely plastic bias. The paintings labelled "Falmouth" and "Farm" are both very promising indeed.

Mr. Seabrooke's work has a certain colour-resemblance to that of Mr. Baynes, but there is no real community of outlook between the two artists. For Mr. Seabrooke's vision is essentially decorative, and his approach, though completely free from flippancy, strikes us as rather over-confident; he has as a result a habit of summary statement which, unless reinforced by continuous study, may eventually degenerate into mere formalization. Mr. Lee is interested in animals and in abstract art, but he has not yet welded the dual interest into single realization. He frequents, as it were, both the Zoo and Parnassus, without having completely staked out his claim in either place. Mr. Walton's "Old Bridge at Bath" is the better of his exhibits. It is, considering the nature of the subject, refreshingly unsentimental, but the colour is surely unnecessarily crude.

The New Art Salon continues its campaign to introduce the work of continental Cubists and Expressionists, and it also finds room for a certain number of native pictures. The present collection is more interesting than the opening exhibition, although the general effect is bewildering and unsatisfactory. It consists, in the main, of minor works, many of which do scant justice to the names which stand beneath them. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of pioneer work of this kind; and we are inclined to regret that the directors of the New Art Salon did not see their way to giving us a series of representative one-man shows rather than a series of heterogeneous fragments and sketches. The *pièce de résistance* of the collection is a small picture by Cézanne, "Bathing Women," the fruit of his studies in the Louvre. Near by hangs a finished "Portrait of a Young Man" by Derain. This artist is acclaimed by some critics as one of the greatest contemporary painters. No sober and unprejudiced judges could elevate him to this position on the strength of this portrait, nor, we imagine, could they credit him, on the strength of the adjacent drawings, with more than a normal measure of French charm of touch. Derain may be a great master, but there is no work here which proves it. On the whole, we are inclined to think the large composition "Skating" by Friesz is the most serious and successful exhibit; but it is not well hung and it is unframed, factors which make it difficult to appraise it with any certainty. Lhote is, as always, convincing and satisfying in his Cubist experiments, and contrives to invest even his minor works with a most welcome air of finality. Among the other continental artists represented are Vlaminck and Modigliani; and among the British artists are Roger Fry, John Nash, Nevins, and Nina Hammett. Although, as stated, the majority of the exhibits are relatively unimportant, there can be no gainsaying the real effort and research which lie behind these experiments and sketches.

R. H. W.

REOPENING OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY should be the most popular museum in London, for it appeals to the great public which enjoys pictures mainly by association of ideas. Here the student of history can see the men who played great and little parts, as they appeared to their contemporaries; here the ethnologist may ponder on the perpetuation of racial types, and the plain man may recognize Uncle Charles or a popular actor in some Stuart or Georgian disguise; here the artist and the pathologist may speculate on the significance of features, and the modiste may marvel at the gowns of Queen Elizabeth. There is something for everyone, not excluding the portrait painter, who is repaid the trouble of a visit by a certain number of portraits which are, incidentally, quite beautifully painted.

It was therefore with the utmost sincerity that we welcomed the reopening of the Gallery. Many of the rooms are not yet accessible; through glass doors we perceived Keepers and carpenters at work. But the top floor, redecorated and rehung, is ready for visitors. The new Director has retained the chronological arrangement, starting with the Tudor and Stuart portraits, and finishing with the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough and the other painters of their day. Touring the rooms in the prescribed order, we greeted the charming "Edward VI. at the age of Six Years" by an unknown artist, and made our bow to two rather dull gentlemen who have been imported from the Vernon Wentworth collection. In Room III. we lingered in front of the admirably painted representation of the dwarf Jeffrey Hudson, who had such an amazing career and found time, it seems, to stand for his portrait at Breda in 1637. Room IV. is dominated by Sir Edmund Verney, whom Van Dyck, painting at the height of his power, depicts as an elegant figure with flowing hair. How could we guess from his appearance that he was the Verney whose dismembered hand was found at Edgehill still grasping the royal standard committed to his charge by King Charles? Round the corner we came upon Mr. Hayls' portrait of Samuel Pepys (concerning which, it will be remembered, the diarist wrote: "I do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by"), and passed down the gallery of Lely ladies and their lords to the new Lely portrait of Gilbert Sheldon, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, who built the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford and whose picture comes to us from the Earl of Home's collection. After this we were in more hackneyed paths. Pausing to shudder at the vandalism which has cut away the figure of the tutor from the Wilson group of the Royal Princes on the sofa and to admire once again the delightful painting in what remains, we descended to the landing. Here we found Sir John Lavery's Royal Group, the best picture he has yet painted, now sadly in need of varnish; and on the floor beneath, new portraits of Viscount Wolsley, Earl Kitchener, Lord Roberts and General Gordon. And so, fumbling for our umbrella disc, we came down the last flight of steps and passed out into the rain, hoping to return at the earliest opportunity.

R. H. W.

MATERNITY IN ART

MOTHER AND CHILD. Twenty-eight drawings by Bernard Meninsky, with text by Jan Gordon. (Lane. 15s. net.)

BERNARD MENINSKY is a young artist who attracted attention last year by his exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, which included much promising work, notably a series of drawings of a mother with her infant child. Admirers of these drawings will welcome this book of reproductions, which conveys an adequate impression of Mr. Meninsky's achievements in this field. The studies vary in technical method and in merit; but it is evident that the artist responsible for the best of them is inspired with genuine enthusiasm and is a draughtsman of considerable attainments. It is impossible to avoid comparing them with the great heritage of Mother and Child representations which has come down to us in Christian art, and Mr. Gordon is possibly right in suggesting a root difference in approach between the devotional pictures of the Madonna and these intimate studies of infancy; he is certainly right in pointing to Mr. Meninsky's preoccupation with real life as the basis of his art.

Music

SHAKESPEARE AS A LIBRETTIST

MR. BARKWORTH, whose opera "Romeo and Juliet" was produced for the first time on April 7 at the Surrey, struck out a new line in presenting his audience with a sort of analytical programme. It was an interesting and a well-written document. It expounded not merely the musical themes on which the opera is based, but also the artistic principles which guided the composer in its construction. An opera, he very properly maintains, should start with some elements that are already familiar. So he has taken Shakespeare's play as it stands, except for considerable cuts. It would have been a labour of love, he says, to set every word of the play. As it is, the opera lasted till nearly midnight. Except for the introduction of Heywood's "Pack, clouds, away," sung as a serenade to Juliet on her wedding morning, his text is pure Shakespeare.

Almost every sentence of Mr. Barkworth's *apologia* indicates the spirit of reverent humility in which he has approached his task. So deep is his devotion to the poet that he appears to imagine that all a musician need do is to take a plot from the greatest of dramatists, a text that contains some of the most beautiful poetry in the world, and then let the music try to express the text, making it run as naturally as if it were spoken. Mr. Barkworth's music does very conscientiously try to express the words of his librettist, and he shows considerable skill in making them run as naturally as if they were spoken. The idiom in which he writes is not that of to-day. It belongs in spirit to the generation of "Judith" and "The Revenge." It is the work of a man brought up in the traditions of Sterndale Bennett, Sullivan, Parry and Stanford. Mr. Barkworth's music is certainly English in every bar; if it does occasionally reflect Bach, Wagner or Gounod it is always just that aspect of those composers which English musicians in particular have admired. It is that Bach and Wagner which Parry absorbed, Gounod seen through the eyes of Sullivan. In the handling of the orchestra Mr. Barkworth sometimes seems to have gone back a whole century and to have taken Cherubini as his model. His music is old-fashioned; he himself admits it. But it is homogeneous in style, always scholarly, and entirely free from the least trace of pretentiousness or vulgarity, even of that antique vulgarity which we have now accepted as classical.

The audience appeared to enjoy the opera thoroughly from beginning to end. The interludes that were meant to cover the frequent changes of scene were listened to in comparative silence, even though they had to tail off awkwardly into nothing and start afresh when the scene-shifters were ready. Two more performances are announced for this week; the management evidently regards the opera as a success. This may appear surprising, but it is certainly no discredit to the Surrey audience that they should derive pleasure from this new "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Barkworth's devout adherence to the words of Shakespeare constitutes at once his strength and his weakness. It disguises to some extent his lack of real musical inspiration. "It might be thought," he writes, "that the continuous ten-syllable verse would lead to monotony of rhythm in the music, as Wagner's verse does in 'Lohengrin'; but Shakespeare's rhythm is too subtle, varied and splendid for any such danger." The criticism is just; yet "Lohengrin" with all its faults still remains a more stirring opera than "Romeo and Juliet." Shakespeare has, in fact, forced Mr. Barkworth into some variety of rhythm; when he is not actually setting words his rhythm very soon lapses into monotony. Wagner's

monotony is not due to his verse rhythms. If Wagner had tried to set Shakespeare he would probably have set him just as monotonously as he did his own verses. The monotony of "Lohengrin" and of other Wagner operas comes almost entirely from two things: the tendency to draw syllables out to a length that is tolerable in German but unbearable in English, and the curious mannerism of beginning nearly all melodies with that rhythmic figure which is illustrated by the Bridal March. But Wagner's tunes, however tired of them we may be by now, were at least vigorous and individual enough to impress themselves on the memory—so forcibly indeed that few people care much what the original words were; and in fact Wagner, writing words for himself to set, naturally wrote them in the rhythm of the sort of tunes he liked to compose.

In "Romeo and Juliet" Mr. Barkworth, like Henry Lawes before him, has often fallen between two stools. The careful declamation of his blank-verse text has hampered him in writing full-blooded and expressive melody, and at the same time the technical exigencies of the musical style in which he writes make it impossible for him to quicken up his declamation to anything like a real continuous speaking pace. Hence the best moments in the opera are either the comic scenes, in which melodic expression is not a very serious matter, and the scenes of brawl and bustle, in which the orchestra easily gets an effect of energetic movement in Parry's manner, or, on the other hand, the purely lyrical moments where the voices unite in an ensemble and the composer yields to the happy temptation to write music and let declamation go hang. At other times he contents himself too often with setting the words of his libretto rather than seeking to express the feelings which lie behind them.

One could indeed often wish that he were less scholarly and correct. He has the decent monotony of so many English composers trained on the honourable lines of academic counterpoint. With difficulty he resists the temptation—invariable, and invariably fatal—to write, as the examination papers used to say, "in four flowing parts." He has acquired facility in making his inner voices move, but he does not make them really expressive. They keep up their amiable small talk when they ought either to say something that really matters or hold their peace. There were moments when one was grateful even for the awkwardness of the orchestration in so far as it broke up the regularity of the harmonic texture. Instead of being a tragedy of passion against a background of sixteenth-century Italy, the work suggested rather an English drawing-room in which a cultivated English gentleman reads Shakespeare aloud to his family after dinner.

The performance of the opera showed that the Surrey company can do splendid work when they are really put on their mettle. It is inevitable that the old operas should be insufficiently rehearsed, because most of the singers in any company are sure to think that they know all about them, and the rest can generally be pushed through their parts somehow. A new and difficult opera such as "Romeo and Juliet" has to be thought out carefully from the beginning, and very well thought out it was. Capulet (Mr. Sumner Austin) seemed a little uncertain about his age, but made a dignified figure in a part to which Mr. Barkworth has given considerable prominence. The Nurse is a good deal cut down, but Miss Mabel Corran seized its opportunities with her invariable strong sense of characterization. Miss Myra Munsen (Lady Capulet) is evidently going to be to the Surrey what Mlle. Bauermeister used to be to Covent Garden—the indispensable lady who knows all the secondary parts and sings them all well. Juliet was hardly up to the level of Romeo (Mr. Frank Webster), who both sang and acted with much charm and distinction.

EDWARD J. DENT.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

MME. OLÉNINE D'ALHEIM gave an admirable concert at the Salle des Agriculteurs on March 15. Mme. d'Alheim is a wonderful interpreter of Moussorgsky and an artist of the purest kind, completely free from the egotism of so many executants (especially singers) and caring only for one thing—the faithful interpretation of the composer's meaning. Consequently, in all that she sings, and especially in works of the Russian School, we feel that the composer is really being given a chance and that it is *his* music we are listening to, and not somebody else's notion of what he meant it to sound like, which is too often what is served out to us by singers and players who are thinking more about themselves than about the music they are performing.

Mme. d'Alheim also sang a Schubert and Schumann group—in German, and was listened to with just as much attention and delight as when she had been singing French or Russian. The practice of singing songs in other than the language in which they were written is becoming far too common, and has nothing to commend it—although during the war there were, of course, obvious objections to singing German in public. But the quicker we get back to normal conditions the better, and the prejudice against the German language on account of the German war is both stupid and illogical. It is a little curious that Mme. d'Alheim should have fared better in this respect in Paris than M. Mischa Léon did in London; but both are to be congratulated for having thus broken the ice.

M. Jean Borlin, who has been appearing at the Comédie des Champs Elysées recently, is a most interesting dancer, and his performance was altogether remarkable and unlike anything we have seen hitherto. He is "Premier Danseur" at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, is a Swede and has been a pupil of Fokine. He dances entirely alone, and unsupported, except by the orchestra—and that he was able to hold the attention of the audience throughout the evening is some indication of the striking nature of his performance. All his dances are sharply contrasted, and whether he personifies a Dervish ("Danse de Salomé"—Glazounow), a Tzigane ("Ballet de Henri VIII."—Saint-Saëns), a Swedish country lad, a Hindoo deity ("Danse Céleste" from "Lakmé"—Delibes), an emaciated martyr-saint, clad only in a scarlet loin-cloth ("St. Francis walking on the Waves"—Liszt), or a primitive negro effigy, adorned with bristling and barbaric tufts and fringes, and waddling with uncouth and ape-like gait ("Poème-Nocturne"—Scriabin), M. Borlin remains a master of his art and reveals an almost uncanny power of reproducing the "stylistic" features of art- and human-types of all ages.

During the week preceding Easter there was, as usual, great musical activity in all the chief choirs and organ-lofts of Paris. The famous "Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais" in particular performed some of the masterpieces of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Church music.

These performances took place in the ill-fated church of St. Gervais (a large part of which is still boarded up), where so many people were massacred on that other Good Friday, two years ago, by the explosion of a shell from the German long-range gun.

R. H. M.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS

PRELIMINARY examinations for 16 Open Scholarships at the Royal College of Music will be held on May 26, in various local centres throughout the United Kingdom. The Scholarships to be competed for are as follows: 2 Pianoforte, 2 Singing, 2 Organ, 2 Violin, 1 Violoncello, 1 Composition, 1 Operatic Composition, 1 Bassoon, 2 Horn, 1 Clarinet, 1 Flute. The Scholarships are open to all classes within the ages stated in the particulars issued to applicants. They entitle the holders to free musical education at the College, and are as a rule tenable for three years. In some cases grants towards maintenance are added. Further information and official forms of entry may be obtained from the Registrar, Royal College of Music, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, S.W.7. No entry form can be received after Wednesday, April 21, and each form must be accompanied by an official stamped Registrar's certificate of birth. Correspondence must be marked on the outside of the envelope "Open Scholarships."

Drama
MEDEA

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—The "Medea" of Euripides.
Translated by Gilbert Murray.

THERE can be few actresses with courage enough to undertake a part so full of difficulty and so arduous as that of Medea; and there are, we imagine, still fewer capable of playing it with any degree of success. Miss Thorndike has had the courage to make the attempt and the talent to succeed in it. One found oneself following, in absorbed and breathless excitement, the progress of the tragedy as it unfolded itself in her acting. Projected by the burning-glass of the Greek dramatic form, the whole tragedy of womanhood is concentrated in the glowing focal point of a single character. In Miss Thorndike's acting that character found an adequate embodiment. Medea, suffering and avenging, sinned against and as deeply sinning, was alive for us on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre.

The chief defect in Miss Thorndike's performance—for it was not without its faults—consisted, it seemed to us, in a kind of vulgarity of delivery into which she was apt to fall whenever sarcasm or anger had to be represented. At these moments Miss Thorndike invested her speech with a tone of shrewishness, with an almost Billingsgateish ferocity which would, one felt, have been more suitable for Cleopatra, with her "By Isis! I will give thee bloody teeth," than for Medea, who, whatever else may be said against her, has no pettiness or vulgarity in her character.

Of the other characters nothing much need be said, except that they might have been better played. Mr. Nicholas Hannen as Jason was perhaps the best of them. A chorus of seven young ladies, all, for some inexplicable reason, wearing blue bathing-caps, assumed attitudes, Anglo-Saxon and Hellenic, and recited in a melodious and intelligent manner the post-Swinburnian strophes of Professor Murray's lyrics. Professor Murray's translation is on the whole satisfactory; but we cannot help feeling that it might have been better to use a good prose version. The English rhymed couplets of Professor Murray's version are pleasing enough, but they are not of the highest order of inspired poetry. They are, furthermore, exceedingly difficult to deliver. A prose version could be more easily spoken by the actors and more easily followed by the audience; these advantages would, we believe, far outweigh any loss of poetical quality which might follow from the abandonment of Professor Murray's rhymed version.

One last word on the subject of limelight. It is surely time that the producers of plays understood that green limelight does not necessarily call up in our minds a feeling of horror, or red limelight emotions murderous and bloody. For a long period in the second half of the play Miss Thorndike had an emerald-green light on one side of her nose and a deep blood-coloured shadow under her chin. The effect was merely grotesque. The substitution of coloured limelight for emotional acting is justifiable in the case of actors so incompetent that they cannot produce their emotional effects except by the calling-in of external aids. But Miss Thorndike possesses in her voice, her gestures, her changing play of facial expression, all the appliances for arousing terror and pity. To squirt her with jets of green and scarlet light is not only absurd and superfluous; it is positively insulting to her talent.

A. L. H.

SIR ARTHUR ACLAND (President 1908) will deliver to members of the English Association a lecture on Charles Dickens, at the Central Hall (Small Hall), Westminster (opposite Westminster Abbey), on Friday, April 30, at 5.15 p.m.

THE DRAMA AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"The Fold." By the Marchioness Townshend.

THEN Tannhäuser came down from the Venusberg and found a little Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the home. Indeed one's first impression is that no less a person than this lately deceased optimist had been in touch with Mr. Pelman; that she had dictated most of this play from the spirit world. The Society of Psychical Research advises us, however, to attribute no phenomena to supernatural causes which can be accounted for by material means, and, rejecting the spirit hypothesis, we believe that the authoress of this work might have fished up her murex, or other submarine diet, from the columns of "Ladies' papers" and women's pages, aspiring here to the wit of Miss Heilgers and there to the wisdom of "Lady Di" or "Corisande."

A steady dribble of didacticism, on subjects, all and sundry, from the releasing of larks to the powdering of the female nose, infests the dialogue; it is all given in full, a complete shilling manual for suburban wives, all of it, "yea, all," with the fullness of the direction for boiling an egg in hot water: Let the egg boil for four minutes if you wish to avoid the danger of running white on the one hand and of the stiff yolk on the other. Then remove the egg with a silver table-spoon or some suitable implement. The water should have reached the boiling-point before the egg is immersed. Serve with salt upon a crisp piece of, &c., &c. . . . and so on.

Most of the lessons of "The Fold" are inculcated weekly in the press: the Russian vampire is not such a deep-dyed extra-colour article as the dark Latin or gipsy woman of the "old" melodrama; she has less persistence, she fires her broadside and repents, having that touch of Tolstoyan mysticism, that Oriental longing to acquire merit, which leads her to prefer atonement (in this case by means of an opera-cloak of silver-blue tissue) rather than Vennnggeance, with the capital V and three "n"s.

The play is carefully acted and mounted: Mr. Paxton and Mrs. Tapping are excellent in the two museum pieces; Mr. Tearle carries the burden of all the possible virtues without being offensive; and, in their minor rôles, Mr. Richards and Miss Lindsay present just the right degree of suburban gaucherie.

As the play brings with it so much of the atmosphere of the ladies' page, we might perhaps reply with "Telegraphic Inquiries," thus: How did the young schoolmaster buy that dress suit out of his pay? What kind of school is in session on Monday the day before Christmas when Christmas falls on a Tuesday? What kind of an editor *telegraphs* to suburbia for more *verses* three months after he has printed a young lady's poem? And: Is the supply of baronets great enough? Great enough, we mean, to supply jobs at £800 per annum to all worthy and poetical schoolmasters *at sight*, and because they have penetrated the Russian milieu? &c. And *why*, if he wished to avoid embarrassment, the young man remained with the Russian lady after all the others had left and at 1.15 in the morning? Even in pre-war Utopia how *did* he catch the last train?

But the British playgoer has a pliable gullet; these details worry him or her as little as the husky carter was worried when he swallowed the mouse in his beer with: "Bit o' 'op, or zumm'ut!" The playgoer also wipes his lips and prepares for the next ingurgitation.

The suburban wife should read Ruskin and Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc," she should go for long walks with her lyric mate, she should not be slack in her attire, otherwise the bogey woman will kidnap her schoolmaster. I think these are the morals of the play; for moral the

play certainly is, even though it does disparage Non-conformists and the Victorian era. We should balance this Swinburnian tendency by the familiar homilies on "The Chance of the Colonies" and the "Birth-Rate." The Marchioness has got most of it in.

Of course, the play ought to be "toured," it might do a lot of good in the provinces. The Venusberg is not wholly satisfactory, it is not the best London can do, but is as good as a man can expect to find on his first emergence from "Balsden." One cannot meet all the best people during three months of nocturnal excursions. As it stands, the actors deserve most of the credit for the success of the gentle trickle of comic incidents which keep the audience, manifestly, in good temper.

T. J. V.

THE REACTION FROM MANCHESTER

LITTLE THEATRE.—"Other Times." By Harold Brighouse.

IF we allow that an impersonal affair such as the theatre is not entirely aloof from dependency on the effort of individuals, then it is in urgent need at the present moment of the Mr. Brighouse whose work made something more than an ephemeral impression on us in the old repertory days. His was an accomplishment that showed other qualities than skilfulness, because he came of a fellowship inspired by another principle than that bad work well done is better than done not at all. Whatever failings became characteristic of that particular kind of drama described by the ineffective epithet "the Manchester School," there was at least one which could not in fairness be attributed to any of its associates. In Mr. Brighouse's case it seemed to be the fact, almost as much as in that of Mr. Allan Monkhouse, the truest of them all, and considerably more than in Stanley Houghton's, that the theatre-sense was never allowed to dominate the sense of art itself. The artist who masters a craft will reveal virtues in his work that no craftsman can hope to do who masters and exploits an artistic form.

So it was with Mr. Brighouse. There was dour beauty in "Hobson's Choice" as well as technical fitness; it is true that such beauty ran thinly, but this was because the vein of comedy in all our dramatists since Wilde has, perhaps through that very dourness, run more thinly still. And we felt that if only Mr. Brighouse would permit his comic vein to flow as broadly as might be, and refrain from diverting it along this and that artificial, deftly-scooped channel, we could cease our sighing, if not for a newer Wilde, at least for comedy-craft which after the first few moments does not become merely a painful spectacle of degeneracy into witticisms that are not even wit.

Mr. Brighouse's more recent appearance as a writer of novels and of a play remembered (or forgotten) as "Bantam, V.C.," caused us a certain amount of disturbance; but it was easy to exercise forbearance during a period of reaction which the theatre felt as badly as did the tailor who had stocked his shops just prior to the armistice with unconscionable quantities of khaki. Shall we extend that forbearance to Mr. Brighouse's new play at the Little Theatre? After all, the reaction is not yet ended, and because he has got hold of the essential idea of one of Sir J. M. Barrie's later plays (and of many other plays, for that matter) and toyed with it wittily instead of prettily, we are not necessarily required to make dismal comparisons with his Manchester work. Let us rather proclaim it a distinct improvement on last year's less pleasant failure and look forward with sturdy faith to the plays to come.

It is a rather puerile sort of justification to attempt of any play to point out that "Other Times" gives scope for Mr. Dawson Millward to exercise to the full those

virtues of graciousness and chivalry with which he is, noteworthy among contemporary actors, so well equipped. Mr. Lorimer, a kind of chieftain to his butler and house-keeper, lives with them alone on a Hebridean island, wearing a Garibaldi shirt to remind him of the hero for whom in his youth he had fought. Into this old-world existence comes a party of "demobbed" officers and their womenfolk, whose concerns the opening act has dealt with, and in the portrayal of whose unpleasantness the author and actors are either libellous or ought to be. As the newcomers have been half-drowned in crossing by boat, the old man ministers to their needs. He re-clothes them in his dead wife's crinolines and the well-preserved wardrobe of his own Victorian days. Nothing can convince us that such young people will ever draw something of the gracious spirit of Mr. Lorimer and his beloved from their clothes; we accept Mr. Brighouse's amusing counterfeits much less readily than we accepted those of Sir James Barrie. The acting of their contemptible ingratitude is so thoroughly adequate that we should not have felt the slightest concern had they all gone to the dogs instead of to a little fortune each in the mineral resources of Mr. Lorimer's island. And the author has put so many fervent speeches into the old gentleman's mouth that we become too wearied to care much about him either—except during rare moments such as the beginning of the second act. It is an incident such as this, most movingly acted by Mr. Milward, Mr. H. O. Nicholson, and Miss Mary Brough, that makes our faith in Mr. Brighouse not so very difficult to retain.

T. M.

DIVERTISSEMENT

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—Ballet.

PHYLLIS BEDELLS is amazingly agile and her dancing with Novikoff has gained very greatly, both in the precision of poses and in the rapidity of transitions. Never having taken the slightest stock in the furore concerning the superiority of wild races over civilized races, I derive a certain satisfaction from observing that "Russian" dancing has been reasonably well assimilated by an English performer; certainly on the score of persistence and energy Miss Bedells is in no way inferior to any of the remaining Slavic stars.

The programme is rather scrappy, but quite pleasant in parts, "Merry Death" being an excellent harlequinade, as these things go; "The Doll's Romance" has gained somewhat in neatness; "The Princess and the Groom" is a spirited performance, and the devotees of the Pavlova mode and of Dresden-china stage effects have no reason to complain. Hilda Ammo sings without any trace of expression or distinction. The small corps de ballet is increasingly competent; the whole show would be better for more intellect and more coherence in planning.

T. J. V.

MAX REINHARDT'S SPRING PROGRAMME

MAX REINHARDT no longer has the prestige he once enjoyed in this country, or, for the matter of that, in his own. It is nevertheless of interest to see that the disturbed condition of Germany has not prevented him from arranging a spring programme of plays from his repertory which would bring credit to any theatre director. In the two theatres under his control—the older Deutsches Theater and the new Grosses Schauspielhaus—the following plays are down for production in the course of the next two or three months:

Gerhardt Hauptmann's new drama of Montezuma and Cortes, "Der weisse Heiland"; "Himmel und Hölle," a play by one of the leading young dramatists, Paul Kornfeld; Walter Hasenclever's "Antigone," a re-creation of the Sophoclean tragedy which has already met with great success; "Dame Kobold," a new version of Calderon's play by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; and "Die Schwestern," a new play, based on an episode in the life of Casanova, by Schnitzler.

Correspondence

"SHAKESPEARE" IDENTIFIED

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The article headed "Another Shakespeare" in your issue for April 2 raises a question of great interest to all readers of critical reviews—"What is the proper scope of a book review?" Are the preconceived ideas of the reviewer on a subject that is so debatable that it is classed as Controversy to be considered the main point or should the view that "the book's the thing" control the position?

When I take up a journal such as yours I hope to find in any and every book review sufficient material to enable me to judge for myself as to the value of the work criticized. I expect to find in the criticism offered something that will assist me in forming my own opinion, and that, I know, is the view of many readers.

Opinions expressed in a dogmatic and prejudiced manner (using the word "prejudiced" in its "root" sense), lacking argument, parade of learning, or show of critical faculty whatsoever, are of no assistance in this direction, nor are vague and gratuitous recommendations to the author.

The article in question has no value to the reader who desires to know whether the book reviewed is worth the buying and the reading, and the writer, therefore, appears to have failed in his proper function as a reviewer.

Yours truly,
FRANCIS CLARKE.

The Chelsea Bookshop,
April 9th, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. J. T. Looney's book states (April 2, p. 450) that "at bottom the argument of the anti-Stratfordians . . . is that William Shakespeare was a half-educated country boy who had to leave the grammar school at thirteen. Therefore he could not have written in manhood Shakespeare's plays."

He is under a false impression. We do not know when he entered or left the school. We do not even know that he ever attended it. If, however, he wrote that most polished and cultured poem "Venus and Adonis," then we feel bound to ask where he learned the language, which is something very different from what would naturally have proceeded from a Warwickshire rustic. Such command of courtly English has never been wielded before or since his time. Those who do not believe in miracles must endeavour to find out how things are perfected.

I am, Sir,
Yours obediently,
R. L. EAGLE.

19, Burghill Road, Sydenham, S.E. 26,
April 8, 1920.

[We regret that we have not satisfied our correspondents' conception of what a review ought to be. On the other hand we made our position with regard to Mr. Looney's book perfectly clear. We hold that it is a waste of time and energy, and an abuse of our readers' patience, to criticize in detail any theory of the authorship of the plays of Shakespeare which is based upon the unproved assumption that Shakespeare did not write them. To the familiar arguments that Shakespeare could not have written the plays Mr. Looney adds nothing at all. On his own admission he merely recapitulates the negative arguments of the Baconians. These are, in our opinion, based upon an imperfect knowledge of the psychology of creative genius. To make this clear is the critic's only task when confronted with such a book as Mr. Looney's. In so far as "reviewing" is a different activity from that of criticism, we have as little to do with it as possible in the pages of THE ATHENÆUM.—ED.]

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE YOUNG

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The International Moral Education Congress, which has already met in London, 1908, and The Hague, 1912, will assemble in Paris, 1921. Meanwhile, the Executive Council (of which the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock is Chairman)

seeks the advice of educationalists all over the world on various important subjects, and, among them, on the relation of education to the League of Nations.

We assume that all concerned in the education of the young wish to secure the sympathy and support of youth in the moral purpose of the League of Nations. In this sphere our studies should deal with (1) General Aims of the Appeal and the Instruction, (2) Methods of Presentation.

(1) GENERAL AIMS.

To humanize (that is, moralize) the teaching of geography, literature, art, science, economics, industry, and of history in the widest sense, so as to elucidate the ideas of national values and international co-operation.

And to announce, in an interesting manner, from time to time, the work done by the League of Nations, and improvements in its constitution and programme.

(2) METHODS OF PRESENTATION.

We might, in the first place, issue (after consultation) a draft programme of such instruction, leaving teachers, parents, and writers in each nationality to develop the themes in accordance with local habits, requirements, and ideals.

And we might begin to sketch the contents of a book for the universal instruction of the youth of the world, to be translated into many languages, its object being to cultivate a spirit of mutual understanding and fraternity.

All constructive ideas will be welcomed.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK J. GOULD,

Armour, Woodfield Avenue,
Ealing, W.5,
April, 1920.

Hon. Sec.

COPYRIGHTS AND INCOME TAX

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The Report of the Royal Commission on Income Tax contains proposals of particular interest to literary men.

In the first place, as all profits are now to be assessed, whether of a capital or "non-recurring" character or not, an author will be indisputably taxable even on his first production, and small contributions by occasional writers in other professions will be chargeable. Moreover, proprietors of journals, &c., will be called upon to make returns to the Revenue of all such payments, however trifling.

Then as to depreciation of copyrights. For some reason the Commissioners distinguish them from patents, which they think should receive special consideration. In any case they do not recommend any allowance when copyrights are in the hands of the original owner. If, however, they have been purchased from a vendor who is not within the scope of the British income tax, they should be treated in the same way as other "wasting assets," and be entitled to a sinking-fund allowance on the difference between their life and 35 years.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. H. TOLLEY.

4, Great Winchester Street, E.C.2,
March 30, 1920.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S "WRITERS OF THREE CENTURIES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I also have been reading the above book, but, as your correspondent Mr. Alfred Barge so wittily says, "It is much better to re-read an author in the original." Especially is this the case when the "copyist" transposes the subjects, as in the following:

C. C. H. WILLIAMSON ON G. B. SHAW.

His genius is far too big to be packed into a definition, but it may be suggested that his decisive gift is a vivid faculty for bold improvisation, for striking out swift generalizations and potent impromptus and backing them up with life in the way of epithets that leap like arrows to their mark.

One arrow at all events seems to be rather wide of the mark.

68, Bedford Avenue,
Barnet,
April 10, 1920.

DIXON SCOTT ON H. G. WELLS

("Men of Letters").

Mr. Wells's genius is far too big to be packed into a definition . . . but it may be suggested that his decisive gift is a vivid faculty for bold improvisation, for striking out swift generalizations and potent impromptus and backing them up with . . . and sudden epithets that leap like arrows to their mark.

Yours faithfully,

T. M. DALE.

Foreign Literature

CHÉNIER AND CONSTANT

ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES D'ANDRÉ CHÉNIER. Publiées d'après les manuscrits par Paul Dimoff. Tome III. (Paris, Delagrave. 6fr.)

ADOLPHE. Par Benjamin Constant. Edition Historique et Critique par Gustave Rudler. (Manchester, l'Imprimerie de l'Université. 7s. 6d. net.)

TO have put before one, whether by coincidence or design, work of Chénier and of Constant together deserves more than merely separate and "cataloguing" attention. They were, by birth-date, pretty close contemporaries, though the life of one of them was tragically cut short. They were engaged in different stages of the same great political upheaval; and though Chénier was half a Greek (or at least a Byzantine) and Constant was only, in the Roman sense, a "provincial" Frenchman, they represent, in a curious way, opposite but real sides of the French character in life and literature. You might have to eliminate some points in both, and add some things not to be found in either, before getting the whole of Frenchness and nothing but Frenchness. But your combination would at any rate save you from more than one or two mistakes which are frequently made about that idiosyncrasy.

Chénier's work as was almost inevitable in the circumstances of his latter days and death, took a long time before it was accurately and completely put before the world. Its first editor, Henri de Latouche, just a century ago, was not, and perhaps in the time of the Restoration could not be, quite faithful, while, though by giving away some of the MSS. he secured them to posterity, he seems to have lost those—or some of them—which he kept. About half-way between that time and this the editions of Becq de Fouquières and Gabriel de Chénier added a great deal to our knowledge, though (unless we mistake) they added also some of the unlucky bickering which too often results in such cases. And now M. Dimoff is giving the whole, from the MSS. themselves where possible, with all the meticulous care of an *ancien Normalien*, and with, as we read his annotations, good critical discernment. The volume is the third of the set, and does not contain some of Chénier's best-known or at least most frequently quoted things, such as the "Tarentine" and the "Captive." Some of it is quite fragmentary—scraps and first drafts; oddments in various languages—some Fescennine, but including a very enthusiastic and strictly "proper" tribute in Greek to the Britanides, "goddesses in face and stature" [compare Tennyson's "divinely tall and most divinely fair"], white-armed, modest of glances, golden-haired, and sweetly smiling; than whom no other land nurtures fairer girls." Of more substantial things, however, we have many beautiful "Elegies," including "Amitiés" and "Amours"; interesting Odes and Epistles, the former including the great "Charlotte Corday" and the brief but splendid "Iambes," which, reversing the old fable of sweetness coming from the strong, show what strength here accompanied the already well-known sweet. And everywhere there floats the curious atmosphere of transition which makes André Chénier not a Romantic classic, not a Romantic before Romanticism, but something strangely different from either. We have nothing to match him except Landor, and to work out the points of likeness and unlikeness in a Plutarchian parallel between these two would take half the pages of the current ATHENÆUM.

It is though of course, an idle, rather a fascinating question what Chénier would have been and done if the *quelque chose là* referred to in his famous dying utterance

had been allowed to develop in the unsevered head. We have, no doubt, fairly close instances of actual development in the cases of Wordsworth and Coleridge. But it must be remembered that Chénier was nearly a decade—and a most important decade, that of 1760-70—the senior of both, and that the classicism, which in him is ingrained, sits on the others, and especially on Coleridge, merely as a garment—easily cast off. With the other author before us the circumstances are as different as the disposition. Benjamin was five years—and again five of those very most important years—younger than André, and instead of being cut short by the Terror, he starts with the lessons and the warning of that Terror full before him—a political, and as we may say temperamental, start in favour hardly second in importance to the escape from death itself. That the second generation of a Revolution is very different from the first is a well-known and well-proven historical fact. It may have less glaring faults, but such virtues as it possesses are not apt to be of the most attractive kind. It nearly always “plays for safety”; and this peculiarity is quite as noticeable in love as in war and politics. It certainly never was much more noticeable than in Benjamin Constant’s private and literary life; for we have not here anything to do with his public career, except as a sort of instrument for checking estimates of his character.

And perhaps by this time his character and his life and everything connected with him are chiefly interesting because he wrote the wonderful little book which the new and first Professor of French at Oxford has re-edited and published, though not at Oxford itself. It should be understood that the “critique” in Professor Rudler’s title is to be taken in the strict sense of *apparatus criticus*; that is to say, he does not here attempt aesthetic appreciation of “Adolphe.” He gives us the text, edited with the same *Normalien* minuteness which has been noted in the other volume here yoked with his; variants of the different editions and some MS. fragments, prefaces of these editions, facsimile title-page and what not. One is not so much accustomed to this sort of thing in the case of novels as in that of poetry, and it may be a little irksome to some readers who have not learned the great art of not seeing what you don’t want to see in a book when you don’t want to see it, yet of utilizing it when you do. There is plenty to utilize here.

The “historical” part of the editing, however, admits of less dry places; and hardly the most stalwart devotee of literature for literature’s sake can refuse to admit that “Adolphe” almost insists, if not on having a “key” applied to it, at any rate on having the question, “Is there a key or not?” considered. That Adolphe was Constant himself—partly as he was, partly as he thought he might be, partly as he would have liked to be, but knew he was not—is of course clear enough; and his own denial, in his letter to the *Morning Post* (duly given here), of the fact and of any personal reference in other characters really goes for nothing at all. It is no more a lie, but also no more a piece of evidence, than “Not at home.” But when you come to Ellénore, and in a very minor degree to the “supers,” the case becomes different. The old idea that the lady was Madame de Staël, and Madame de Staël only—politely “made up” in facial attractions, and obligingly provided with the characteristics of her own heroines—will not sustain five minutes’ expert examination. Professor Rudler undertakes the survey of this very inconstant Constant’s numerous other loves, including even his not very enviable wife, and to some extent distributes the part between them all, and “Corinne” herself. Nobody need suspect in him the gross and puerile error of the usual “key”-critic, who wants to make every incident and almost every utterance in a work of literary

art biographical, if not autobiographical. There is very much interest and real critical expertness in his dealing with the matter. But perhaps we should ourselves approach it from rather a different side, and come to the conclusion—not that Ellénore was made up from the various mistresses (as the rather inartistic story has it of the Greek painter’s image), but that she was a real creation of fancy, touched and coloured and clad from hints and reminiscences supplied by Corinne, and Charlotte, and Belle de Zuylen and all the rest. That way, not the other, Genius works; and Benjamin Constant, if only for this once, had genius in composing what has been called “the swan-song of Sensibility.”

One little point we may be permitted to dwell on for a moment. Professor Rudler says: “Du prénom bizarre [why bizarre?] d’Ellénore je n’ai pu encore retrouver l’origine.” He consulted Professor Ker, than whom he could hardly have had a better adviser, and his counsel found him an “Ellenora” in Hutcheson’s “Arran Journal” [1783]. But is it necessary to go so far? There is no other name to which Fate and metaphysical aid have decreed so many variants as to that of Helen. Ellen, Elaine, Eleanor, Elinor, Eliénor, Eleanore, half a dozen others, exist and occur. But without actual “presuming to dictate” as to the existence of “Ellenore,” and having too few books at hand to settle the whole question, may we not suggest that Spenser’s “Hellenora” (so called in the prose preface to the “Faerie Queene,” but in the verse usually shortened to “Hellenore”) is quite sufficient, and at any rate entirely removes any “bizarre” character? Constant knew a good deal about English; he must have known how we frequently de-aspirated the “Helen” group of names; and as a Frenchman he would have been inclined to do so himself. At any rate, here is a contribution to the puzzle, if puzzle it be. For one cannot help thinking that one has seen “Ellenore” itself elsewhere. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CROCE AND CARDUCCI

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI: STUDIO CRITICO. By Benedetto Croce. (Bari, Laterza. 5.50 lire.)

MANY readers will be glad to have these essays in a separate volume. It is difficult for a foreigner, living out of the battle area, to understand the violent indignation they awakened in some quarters in Italy. The very title of the first, “Anticarduccianismo Postumo,” in which Croce deals with Thovez’ strictures, is surely a clear indication of his point of view. In an appendix he gives an interesting account of his relations with Carducci, of his boundless admiration for his poetry from his first acquaintance with it as a schoolboy and of his pride at being asked to assist him in his scholarly researches when a young man. But this devotion does not blind Croce either to Thovez’ ability or to the truth that underlay some of his charges, and apparently nothing but an absolute refusal to see the spots in the sun would satisfy the majority of the critics. To our mind, Croce’s account of the development of Carducci’s poetry is among the best things of the kind he has done. When we first come across those terrible German-sounding categories, political-ethical, historical-epical and the rest, we rub our eyes in astonishment, remembering Croce’s scorn for such artificialities; but once we are launched upon the essay, we realize that in his hands they are merely the spontaneous outgrowth of a lifelong communion with the poet, with nothing artificial about them. They would have passed almost unnoticed had not such stress been laid upon them in the early pages. His passionate love for Italy made Carducci a true prophet-poet, and Croce insists that the European war was Carducci’s war. Hence for him recent events are not awaiting their poet. They need no other poetry than the words “che Giosuè Carducci nutri del miglior sangue del suo cuore.” But fortunately or unfortunately, the younger generation must always have poetry of its own. It cannot rest satisfied with that of its fathers, however great it may have been.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN

V. "DON FRANCISCO"*

THE great name and the inspiring personality in modern Spanish education is that of D. Francisco Giner de los Rios. The best introduction to him is the essay by "Azorín"; he had been tramping in the Sierra Guadarrama, and was sitting on a rock eating his lunch—a little old man with twinkling eyes, dressed very simply. What was his philosophy? It was merely love of life and respect for it. He was more interested in men than in mere culture. In the second half of the nineteenth century there was among thinking men in Spain an attitude towards life of which Giner was, if not the originator, at any rate the chief representative. It was called "Krausism"; but the men who adopted this attitude were not really disciples of Krause. His works were not so much a model as an inspiration; indeed, many of the things which Krause said had already been said before by old Spanish writers. Moreover, Krausism, as practised by D. Francisco Giner and his disciples, was not a philosophy; it was as much a mode of action as of thought; it was a way of feeling towards life. Its tangible result was the foundation of the "Free School"—the "Institución libre de Enseñanza."

There was something very Anglo-Saxon about the attitude of Giner. In any emergency, before a problem of thought or action, the question was not so much: What are the theoretical bearings of the case? but: What shall be our attitude towards it? What shall we do? And what shall we do first? Open your eyes (said "Don Francisco"); look about you; and get hold of all the aspects of the thing. Don't act necessarily on the first impulse; don't go too fast. "Sharpen your wits, man, sharpen your wits!" He knew that these practical virtues were not strange to his countrymen; but he saw that something—bad education, bad government, mysticism (or whatever it might be)—had pushed them into the background. An example of this unpractical thinking occurred not long ago in Madrid. A girl coming out of church was run over by a tram, and remained beneath it. The driver had been travelling rather fast, and the fury of the crowd was unbounded; they knocked him about, and broke the windows of the tram. Then someone suggested that it might be well to fetch a jack, so as to get the poor girl from under the wheels. It was a long time before the tram could be raised, and by then all help was too late. This is the kind of thing which would have infuriated Don Francisco; he could not tolerate a type of mind which thought it more important to punish the conductor for his act than to try to save the victim. It was mistaking the shadow for the substance; ignoring the practical and immediate side of things.

It is beside the point to criticize the views of Giner from the position of a doctrinaire philosopher, and think him a back number because he believed in "Krausism." His view of life was a manner rather than a philosophy; it is incarnate in the "Institución libre de Enseñanza." Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the things in modern Spain which a stranger can most approve and admire are due to the precept and example of this "Free School." Literature, art, education have felt the reviving breath, and even politics have not been unaffected by it. Gradually, in the last thirty years, the influence of this little group of thinkers and teachers has been extending over the whole of Spain. The spirit of the Institución libre, that is to say the spirit of Giner, determined the direction of the group of writers known as "the Generation of 1898." It has revived interest in nature, and consequently in the landscape and appearance of Spain; it has renewed Spanish painting in the work of Sorolla, Zuloaga and others; it has led to a re-examination of traditional literary values. People are really reading the old poets instead of talking about them or merely accepting them; and, especially while the rest of Europe has been engaged in destruction, it has led to the publication of editions of the Castilian classics which are admirably produced, edited with real scholarship and surprisingly cheap. And even in manners, clothing and cleanliness it is not altogether fanciful to detect, as "Azorín"

does, something of the influence and the personality of D. Francisco Giner.

Don Francisco, like most thinkers in foreign countries, was profoundly impressed by the spectacle of Gladstonian England; and in 1884 he came here for the International Conference on Education. He became acquainted with the aims and achievements of English educationists; and on his return to Spain, he tried to introduce English methods into the Spanish schools. But the old gang were up against him at once. In 1876 Giner and several others had been deprived of their professorships because of their heterodox opinions, and the authorities, seeing clearly that the English system was opposed to the principle of authority and all the mediæval ideas in which they still believed, did their best to put obstruction in his way. Giner, however, was ready for them; while he seemed at first to accept the situation, he and his friends planned and worked, and eventually, from small beginnings, the "Free School" took shape and gained in importance and prestige. "Free" in this connection did not mean that instruction was to be given gratuitously; the Institution was free, from the very beginning, from the inspection and control of both the Government and the Church, and for this reason it prospered exceedingly.

It made a firm stand for individualism; it went in for science, which up to that time had been little studied in Spain, and founded laboratories, which until then had been unknown in the Peninsula.

Giner realized that the problem of Spanish national progress was indissolubly connected with the problem of education; and education, he knew, should be studied as a human problem, not merely as a national one. He sought help from all the educational authorities in Europe. The idea of *escursiones escolares* and exchange of students he got from Paris; he learned a great deal from the masterly way in which the Germans were then reorganizing their own system; but he was never tired of thanking and complimenting the English for the sympathy and good-will which they had shown him and the very real interest which his English friends always took in his undertakings. Don Francisco insisted that his pupils should travel. Among those who became intimately acquainted with English life were Riaño (who wrote a little book on Spanish music, and the guide to Spanish domestic art collections at South Kensington) and Cossío.

D. Manuel Cossío has achieved European reputation through his studies in painting and particularly his book on El Greco, whom he may almost be said to have re-discovered, and his friends are always looking forward to the day when he will write the great book on Rousseau, which no one in Spain could do better than he can. Sr. Cossío has preserved more of the fire and common sense of Don Francisco than any of his other pupils. Moments passed in his company listening to his conversation are among the greatest of any that are to be experienced in Spain. He is himself the memorial of a great friendship—"a light transferred, not lost." As we sat in the firelight after tea it was impossible not to be enthralled by the humour, sympathy and "sane benevolence" which sparkled in his eyes. Sr. Cossío is never tired of saying how inspiring Don Francisco was as a master, both of small boys and of older ones. All the best living Spanish teachers were educated by him, or have felt his influence through his pupils; many of them owe their success, and their ability to teach, to Don Manuel Cossío. And Englishmen should be particularly grateful to him for the way he stood up, not so much for the Allies, as for England, all through the war. His reasons were purely intellectual. He had no need to preach to his pupils on that subject; they were all pro-Ally for other reasons. But he challenged every statement prejudicial to Englishmen, and would have given his right hand if he could have found a conclusive answer to the Spanish militarist's parting shot in any discussion—the question of Gibraltar. It never occurs to us to try to understand the bitterness which Spaniards feel towards our continued possession of Gibraltar. Many who are neither screaming militarists nor anti-English observe with annoyance how Gibraltar, under British rule, is a refuge for all the undesirable characters in the Peninsula, and a place where, as it seems, there is an open door for all kinds of smuggling into Spain.

Some people would describe Sr. Cossío as an old gentleman. But it is only reactionaries and mystics who could think

*Letter IV., "The Catalan Movement reflected in the Arts," appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for January 30.

him that. That lithe figure in his very Oxford- or Cambridge-looking armchair, with his eyes twinkling with keenness, like those of an undergraduate discussing metaphysics in the firelight,—that figure could never grow old. On all the vital questions indifference to which is nowadays a test of the petrifying mind—the deplorable consequences of the peace, the value of international understanding and the exchange of students—Sr. Cossio is as alert as any of his pupils. Exchange of students and understanding of other races have always been cardinal points in his doctrine; and it was mainly with that object in view that the little band of intellectuals inspired by him or by Don Francisco quietly founded what is known as the "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios," the Board for the completion or widening of studies.

J. B. T.

MODERN BANKING

JEAN. Par Charles Heyraud. (Paris, Grasset. 5fr.)

THE hero of this novel is the handsome and distinguished manager of La Banque Duchêne, who has a habit of discoursing to his mixed war staff on Atavism, Love, and the Advantages of Faith. Any lady member of the staff who finds the lectures obscure has the right, apparently, to invade his private office and politely demand elucidation. No fewer than three of the ladies fall in love with him and declare their passion in these interviews. Our hero is very much surprised and distressed at the results of his eloquence; for he is a pious man and the father of six children. He resists the advances of the first two sirens, but is about to succumb to the third at the moment when an accident robs him of one of his children. He interprets this as a judgment from Heaven and remains in the path of virtue. The moral of the story—pointed at some length by the author—is that such things are bound to happen in a mixed office staff where the atmosphere is corrupt and dangerous, and the organization opposed to the intentions of Providence, which has decreed that the place of woman is the home. If M. Heyraud is right the outlook for the modern world is certainly alarming. If the administration of La Banque Duchêne is characteristic of modern banking we tremble for the condition of our accounts. For ourselves, we are confident that M. Heyraud is an alarmist; but we recommend our readers to scrutinize their pass-books with care, and to adopt a firm attitude if they have any reason to suppose that their bank manager has a turn for oratory.

W.

LA NUEVA REVOLUCIÓN. By P. M. Turull. (Barcelona, Imprenta de Henrich. 3 ptas.)—Really it begins to look as if Spain were one of the few countries in which people have a clear view of international problems. Here, for instance, is Sr. Turull, the editor of *Messidor*, a monthly review published in Barcelona, saying all the right things, and often putting them in a new and arresting way. There are no firmer supporters of the League of Nations as it ought to be than the Catalan thinkers; and in this book international understanding and communication are shown to be the basis of all progress, intellectual and material. Sr. Turull recommends himself to us by his sympathetic sketch of Eugenio D'Ors, one of the greatest minds in modern Spain; he shows his practical wisdom in a most sensible article on the development of railways as a means of improving international understanding and culture. We are sure that the whole of Barcelona, not only the intellectuals, would rejoice if the line to the French frontier were reduced to normal gauge. Sr. Turull shows the folly of having made Spanish railways broad gauge for strategic reasons; Russian broad gauge did not prevent the German victories, nor did the normal gauge of the French and German lines shorten or lengthen the war in the West. In days when short-sighted malefactors are doing all they can to shut up each country by itself (by increasing foreign postal rates to 4d., for instance) a book like this is most welcome. It is pro-Ally in sympathy, but is not an unfair statement. Some of it would perhaps have been altered if Sr. Turull could have read Mr. Keynes' book on the peace; it is sure to be in the "Ateneo" at Barcelona by this time.

J. B. T.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

*Marvin (F. S.), ed. RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT. Essays arranged and edited by F. S. Marvin. Milford, 1920. 7½ in. 306 pp., 12/6 n. 104
See review, p. 509.

Tuckett (Ivor L. L.). MYSTICISM AND THE WAY OUT (Conway Memorial Lecture). Watts, 1920. 6½ in. 48 pp. app. paper, 1/ n. 149.3

Mysticism, Dr. Tuckett explains in his address at South Place Institute on March 18, 1920, may be defined as the mental attitude of persons who believe in hypotheses that elude empirical inquiry, and are satisfied with merely verbal explanations of phenomena. There are three keys to unlock the door of mysticism: (1) to understand the nature of evidence and scientific method, and apply such tests to every hypothesis; (2) to realize the character of subconscious processes and allow for their influence on our judgment; (3) to submit our individual beliefs to group guidance—the group being those who show that they are unbiased seekers after truth.

*Turner (J. E.). AN EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM JAMES'S PHILOSOPHY: a critical essay for the general reader. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 84 pp. index, 4/6 n. 191.9

In language as clear as James's, Mr. Turner examines and criticizes certain salient features of the American thinker's philosophy—pragmatism, pluralism and empiricism, and James's relationship to M. Bergson. He considers that James attached an exaggerated value to simplicity, and thus was content with a superficial view of many problems. Pragmatism is a compromise, like Bishop Blougram's compromise between truth and expediency; it is really nothing more than the universal and rationalized extension of what, in a more limited sphere, is called the "Rule of Thumb." A true principle always "works," "but it is a totally different thing to say that because it 'works,' therefore it is true." This is a good example of the critic's trenchancy of method.

200 RELIGION.

Beresford-Peirse (John). PRIVATE DEVOTIONS FOR MEN: a book for daily prayers, intercession, and Holy Communion. Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 32, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, 1920. 5 in. 127 pp. front. paper, 1/ n. 248

Of a size suitable for the breast-pocket, this manual comprises daily prayers, instruction on repentance, prayers for confession, preparation for Holy Communion, an Office of Spiritual Communion, and other matter.

Crafer (Thomas Wilfrid). THE BOOKS OF HAGGAI AND ZECHARIAH ("The Revised Version, edited for the use of schools"). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1920. 7 in. 131 pp. map, index, 3/ n. 224.97

Dr. Crafer's clear introductions and useful notes will be exceedingly helpful to students interested in the writings of these two minor prophets.

*Moore (George Foot). HISTORY OF RELIGIONS: 2, JUDAISM; CHRISTIANITY; MOHAMMEDANISM ("International Theological Library"). Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1920. 8½ in. 568 pp. bibliog. index, 14/ 209

The Professor of the History of Religion in Harvard University deals in the present volume with faiths which are so intimately related that morphologically they might be regarded as three branches of Western Asiatic and European monotheistic religion. The origin of Christianity in Judaism, and the association of Islam with the impression made upon

the mind of Mohammed by Jewish, and, in smaller degree, Christian ideas, are discussed by the author, who points out that the three theological systems have the same doctrines of creation by divine fiat, and a catastrophic end of the world; and each religion believes itself destined to universality. But each has an individuality which is stronger than the affinities; and many variations have arisen in each system which depart widely from the primitive type. This "multifariousness" makes the author's task peculiarly difficult. Professor Moore considers the general trend of Christianity in Protestant countries to be towards a practical or "socialized" Christianity, which makes much of the thought of God as the Father of all men; of service to fellow-men as the essence of true religion; and of the reconstruction of society on the principles of the Gospel. "Original sin and the paralyzed or even enfeebled will are quite antiquated, and with them the Pauline Augustinian doctrines of grace."

Ottley (Richard R.). A HANDBOOK TO THE SEPTUAGINT. Methuen [1920]. 8 in. 312 pp. bibliog. app. index, 8/ n. 221.48

See review, p. 511.

Parham (Hilda). NAMELESS NOTABLES OF THE GOSPEL: forty readings for Lent. Skeffington [1920]. 7 in. 128 pp., 3/6 n. 242

Readings commended by the Bishop of Kensington. Miss Parham happily employs in the title of the book a phrase taken from the last sermon of the Rev. A. H. Stanton.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Bear (Beatrice E.).** THE BRITISH SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION: a text-book for teachers. Foreword by Sir James Crichton-Browne. Bell, 1920. 8½ in. 140 pp. il. diag., 8/6 n. 371.73

Although the British system has been in existence for sixty years, this is claimed to be the first book to set forth its principles. The writer regards the British system as including the Swedish, though it avoids the latter's "narrowness," its own great virtue being "wideness." The book classifies the positions and movements used in mass exercises in graded groups, arranges them in progressive order as far as possible parallel with cerebral evolutions, and explains the value and different uses of fixed apparatus. It is a compendious and businesslike manual.

Bridge (R. S.). THE GEOGRAPHY OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY ("New Teaching Series"). Hodder & Stoughton, 1920. 8 in. 272 pp. diag. maps, index, 4/6 n. 380

The book is planned for a three years' course. In the successive groups of chapters the author discusses, firstly, general principles; secondly, practical questions connected with the geography of the British Isles; and thirdly, the various countries, studied by groups based upon their relation with the world's great trade-routes.

Hill (David Jayne). PRESENT PROBLEMS IN FOREIGN POLICY. New York, Appleton, 1919. 7½ in. 375 pp. app. index, \$2 n. 327

The author contends that "the League of Nations, as it has been framed, does not correspond to American traditions and ideals; it is in some respects an abandonment of them." He discusses the whole question from the American point of view, holding that the fundamental problem is the restoration of the reign of law, and that the lesson of the war is that the enforcement of international law is a universal, and not merely a national interest. He is severe on President Wilson for leaving the country and for acting too much on his own initiative.

Turull (P. M.). LA NUEVA REVOLUCIÓN. Con una carta prólogo de M. Léon Bourgeois de Paris, y seguida de una encuesta sobre la Sociedad de Naciones. Barcelona, Imprenta de Henrich, 1919. 8 in. 250 pp., 3 ptas. 341.1 See notice, p. 525.

Wheeler (H. F. B.). A LITTLE BOOK OF NAVAL WISDOM. Harrap [1920]. 6 in. 96 pp., 2/6 n. 359.09

Pepys, Evelyn, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Holinshed, Nelson, and moderns like Admirals Fisher and Jellicoe, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss and Sir Eric Geddes, are the authors of these obiter dicta, which have been put together to remind us of the debt due to the officers and men who kept the Empire intact and have made Britain what she is.

400 PHILOLOGY.

***Murray (Sir James Augustus Henry), Bradley (Henry), Craigie (William A.), and Onions (C. T.),** edd. A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES (vol. 10, second half, V-Z): Visor-Vywor. By W. A. Craigie. Milford, 1920. 13½ in. 77 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 423

The section comprises 1,571 words, of which 917 are main words. Adoptions of, or formations on, Latin words and stems predominate. Comparatively few of the words present remarkable features; but the extraordinary number of variants of the word "vouchsafe" down to the sixteenth century is especially noteworthy. The important word "vitamine" does not appear.

Stuart-Menteth (Charles G.). ANGLA KAJ ESPERANTA ETIMOLOGIO (TABLEOJ DE ETIMOLOGIO): ENGLISH AND ESPERANTO ETYMOLOGY. British Esperanto Association, 17, Hart Street, W.C. 7½ in. 18 pp. paper, 10d. 408.92

The aim of this pamphlet is stated to be "to prove and make evident the naturalness, international [*sic*] and Anglo-Frenchness of Esperanto."

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Bosanquet (Bernard). IMPLICATION AND LINEAR INFERENCE. Macmillan, 1920. 8 in. 180 pp., 7/6 n. 519

See review, p. 514.

Ridgway (Robert). THE BIRDS OF NORTH AND MIDDLE AMERICA: a descriptive catalogue of the higher groups, genera, species, and subspecies of birds known to occur in North America, from the Arctic lands to the Isthmus of Panama, the West Indies, and other islands of the Caribbean Sea, and the Galapagos Archipelago: part 8 (U.S. National Museum, Bulletin 50). Washington, Govt. Printing Office, 1919. 10 in. 868 pp. 34 pl. index, paper. 598.2

Part 8 (the present volume of this important catalogue) deals with the order Charadriiformes (plover-like birds).

Sandon (Frank). EVERY-DAY MATHEMATICS ("New Teaching Series"). Hodder & Stoughton, 1920. 8 in. 272 pp. app. index, 4/6 n. 510.2

The author has avoided purely artificial examples, and illustrates mathematical principles by cases drawn from everyday life. The inductive method is used, and the instances given are, as a rule necessary parts of the argument. Graphical representation, maps and plans, mensuration, logarithms, formulæ, chance, and games are among the subjects treated.

700 FINE ARTS.

Meninsky (Bernard). MOTHER AND CHILD: 28 drawings. With text by Jan Gordon. Lane, 1920. 10 in. 79 pp., 15/ n. 741

See review, p. 517:

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Owen (A. G. L.). MODERN BRIDGE. Heath Cranton [1920]. 7 in. 95 pp., 2/6 n. 795

Major Owen's book is the outcome of many actual games played by a Bridge four—games set out here as illustrations of his ideas, which are suggestive and stimulating.

***Warner (P. F.).** CRICKET REMINISCENCES: with some review of the 1919 season. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 239 pp. il. pors., 15/ n. 797

See review, p. 508.

800 LITERATURE.

The *Cocoon*, No. 1, March, 1920. Cambridge, Heffer, 1920. 10 in. 36 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 820.5

We have seen undergraduate papers that gave, on their first coming into the world, better promise than does the *Cocoon*. "The keynote of our paper is youth." That is excellent; but youth need not necessarily be associated with juveneness, and the greater part of this number of the *Cocoon* is singularly crude and unripe. The three critical essays on Balzac, D'Annunzio and "Modern Poetry" do not strike one as being very interesting or new, and among the original verses we find a poem beginning:

I slithered through some filthy slum in Hell.
Losing my balance, once again I fell
Headlong in some foul slime, so lewd of smell
My very inmost soul did belch in agony.

They were doing that at Oxford in 1910. It is to be hoped that the future numbers of the *Cocoon* will be more interesting than the first.

Gillie (E. A.). PERSEPHONE; AND OTHER PLAYS. Amersham, Morland (Foyle), 1920. 7½ in. 96 pp., 3/6 n. 822.9

Four little plays in verse and prose, one of which is founded on Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market." They are intended, we imagine, for children. Personally, we believe in giving children something rather more solid than such a very mild and diluted form of literature.

Legat (Maurice). PENSÉES SUR LA SCIENCE, LA GUERRE ET SUR DES SUJETS TRÈS VARIÉS. Brussels, Lamertin, 1919. 11 in. 479 pp. paper. 848.9

An immense and well-selected commonplace book. For the lovers of what Chaucer would have called "high sentence," and for all who like to ornament their style with unfamiliar quotations, M. Legat's book will be a treasure-house.

POETRY.

Carducci (Giosuè).

Croce (Benedetto). GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI: STUDIO CRITICO. Bari, Laterza, 1920. 8 in. 152 pp. paper, 5.50 lire. 851.84

See notice, p. 523.

Chénier (André). ŒUVRES COMPLÈTES DE ANDRÉ CHÉNIER, publiées d'après les manuscrits par Paul Dimoff ("Collection Pallas"). Paris, Delagrave [1919]. 7½ in. 349 pp. paper, 6fr. 841.56

See review, p. 522.

Forde (H. A.). THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT. With decorations by I. de B. Lockyer. De La More Press [1920]. 7½ in. 23 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

This little book is the first of the "St. George Series," which is, we understand, to comprise original work in poetry and prose as well as reprints of older literature. The printing and paper are both excellent. Miss Forde's poems on Love, Joy, Peace and the other "fruits of the Spirit" are unpretentious little pieces in a variety of measures.

Guest (Edgar A.). SUNNY SONGS. Fisher Unwin, 1920. 7½ in. 101 pp., 4/6 n. 811.5

Mr. Guest is an American poet who, to quote the publisher's announcement, "is keenly sensible of the humour of domestic life, but is deeply sympathetic with the associations which combine in the word 'Home.' In his own line he is an extremely accomplished writer who deserves the success he has had in America.

Napier (Margaret). SONGS OF THE DEAD. With an introduction by Edward Garnett. Lane, 1920. 8½ in. 50 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

We are reminded as we read Miss Napier's book of that problem of our schooldays: What would happen if an irresistible force came up against an immovable post? We feel in these poems the struggle of an irresistible force of emotion with an immovable barrier of dumbness. They are poems of frustration, imperfect verbal equivalents of great spiritual experiences, greater in intention and conception than in realized execution. Miss Napier writes in free verse, in a curiously tortured style full of inversions (one has the feeling that she is trying to express, by the unnatural quality of the style, the more than normal intensity of her emotion). At moments she can write with complete simplicity:

Daily I watched over the hill
Day break in blood-red glory,
Nature in her beauty appalling
As in her cruelty.
Toys to me the one and the other,
Deeper I delved not for meaning.

There is a strange quality in these lines that makes us look forward with interest to Miss Napier's next book.

Stewart (Edith Anne). POEMS. Second Book. Swarthmore Press, 1919. 7½ in. 42 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

Most of the poems in Miss Stewart's volume are religious or ethical in theme. She writes for the most part with that almost forced simplicity, that deliberate flatness, which seems, among our contemporaries, to be the result of a kind of intellectual asceticism; they reject the easy beauty of rich words and phrases, preferring the dry crusts of language.

FICTION.

Constant (Benjamin). ADOLPHE. Edition historique et critique par Gustave Rudler. Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1920. 7½ in. lxxxvi-168 pp. apps. index, 7/6 n. 843.63

See review, p. 522.

Crommelin (May). SUNSHINE ON THE NILE. Jarrolds [1920]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/6 n.

Robert Franklin, the son of a clergyman, in order to help his widowed mother and invalid sister, accepts the position of secretary-valet to Lord Ludsworth, who had been at the same College at Cambridge. Robert rescues from a position of great danger a rich Canadian girl who, with her father, is on a visit to Lord Ludsworth, and afterwards with his patron-employer meets her again in Egypt, where her father has gone on an archaeological expedition. This gives scope for plenty of local colour, and the outcome of the story may easily be divined.

Heyraud (Charles). JEAN. Paris, Grasset, 1920. 7½ in. 273 pp. paper, 5fr. 843.9

See notice, p. 525.

Jeffery (Jeffery E.). SIDE ISSUES. Leonard Parsons [1920]. 8 in. 256 pp., 6/ n.

These sketches for the most part deal with the war. "Dam" Good Fellers," in which the author pillories a certain type of shallow-brained army officer; "Equality of Sacrifice," a satire upon the difference between the treatment of a subaltern whose father has twenty thousand pounds a year, and that meted out to a private who in civil life is an omnibus conductor; and "In Token of Gratitude," which shows a business firm's meanness to a clerk who had voluntarily enlisted, are super-charged with arguments for the anti-militarist. The best sketch, from a literary point of view, is "Angèle, Goddess of Kindliness." The heroine is a French nurse—a living personage. "My Lady of Hoxton" also is a real character.

Kent (Nora). THE GREATER DAWN. Leonard Parsons [1920]. 8 in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

Lavender Drayton, who writes songs and has the face of a Madonna, becomes acquainted with David Osborne, a medical practitioner in the East End of London. The two fall in love, but are parted for a while. Osborne, however, is called upon to attend Lavender's artist brother, whose death the doctor afterwards thinks he has hastened by a misadventure. Matters are straightened out before the end of the book, which is stated to be the author's first novel. There are some subsidiary love episodes. The story is pleasant.

Le Queux (William). THE RED WIDOW; OR, THE DEATH-DEALERS OF LONDON. Cassell [1920]. 7½ in. 321 pp., 7/6 n.

Mr. Le Queux lives up to his sub-title, for the Red Widow and her accomplices adopt the latest discoveries about germs and bacteria for doing to death the victims they have marked down in order to enrich themselves. Poisoners gained an unenviable notoriety in Italy in the Middle Ages, but they were often employed for purposes of revenge. The motives of Mr. Le Queux's characters are merely sordid.

Robinson (Lennox). EIGHT SHORT STORIES. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 8 in. 114 pp., 3/6 n.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

***Buchanan (Angus).** WILD LIFE IN CANADA. Murray, 1920. 8½ in. 286 pp. il. map, 15/ n. 917.124

The silent solitudes traversed by Captain Buchanan in an eight months' journey of some two thousand miles "beyond the white man's frontier of Saskatchewan" are still as they were, unvisited by any other white man. He was an observant student of the animals, birds, and fishes, a graphic delineator of the scenery, and an understanding friend to the Cree and Chipewyan Indians, who are well portrayed in the photographs. The catalogues of birds are valuable, and the book is full of practical information for future explorers.

Chase (Beatrice). PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR. Longmans, 1920. 7½ in. 191 pp. il., 6/6 n. 914.235

A correspondent tells Mrs. Chase, "though, as everyone knows, you can write English, you won't." Presumably she takes no trouble with her punctuation because she won't

yet it would improve her English. The book is the loving, the enthusiastic expression of all she feels and all she has felt in her life on Dartmoor, which "stands for unspoilt and magnificent creation fresh from the hand of God. No one can love Dartmoor without loving, even if only unconsciously, the Mind and the Power that conceived and created it."

*Hale (F.). FROM PERSIAN UPLANDS. Constable, 1920. 9 in. 248 pp. maps, 10/6. 915.5
See review, p. 506.

Newton (W. Douglas). WESTWARD WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES. Hurst & Blackett [1920]. 8 in. 352 pp. il. pors., 8/6 n. 917.1-3

Mr. Newton's bright narrative of the Prince's tour in Canada only confirms the charming impression already formed by the public. We close this pleasant book with the conviction that the Prince of Wales will have almost unprecedented opportunities of influencing the world for good; and we believe that he will endeavour to take advantage of them.

Soulsby (L. H. M.). THE AMERICA I SAW IN 1916-1918. Longmans, 1920. 7½ in. 217 pp., 6/6 n. 917.3

The worthy authoress spent two years in America, passing the time in a series of short visits; she found the Americans extremely kind and gracious. She felt like Tobit in Perugia's picture, "wandering over the world with successive angels holding my hand." Her heart is full of one big "thank-you." Country life in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut; summer at Bar Harbour; delightful months in and near San Francisco; the deserts of Arizona, to which she lost her heart; the old-world atmosphere of Richmond and Charleston; conventions, mothers' unions, and meetings at St. Louis, and undenominational meetings at Northfields under the Moodys—her impressions came from such varied sources. She appears to have dwelt in a spiritual Eldorado, a veritable earthly paradise. At the Moodys' she felt "as if you passed the Lord at every turn on the stairs, and heard the rustle of his garments just leaving the room as you enter."

920 BIOGRAPHY.

D'Oyly (Sir Hastings). TALES RETAILED OF CELEBRITIES AND OTHERS. Lane, 1920. 8½ in. 171 pp. por., 7/6 n. 920

For a great many years in the Indian Civil Service, Sir Hastings D'Oyly put down these stories, he says, for private circulation among his relatives and friends. They may have some mild interest for members of the general public.

Fogazzaro (Antonio).

Gallarati-Scotti (Tommaso). LA VITA DI ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. Milan, Baldini & Castoldi, 1920. 7½ in. 560 pp. paper, 10 lire. 920

A review, will appear.

930-990 HISTORY.

*The Annual Register: a review of public events at home and abroad for the year 1919. Longmans, 1920. 9 in. 550 pp. index, 30/ n. 909

There are few more important and valuable works of reference than the "Annual Register," the present volume of which possesses all the excellent characteristics with which long "user" of the book has familiarized readers. The summaries of English History and of Foreign and Colonial History are admirable. Outstanding features of 1919 were the conclusion of the Peace of Versailles and the occurrence of many disputes in the world of labour. A very clear account is given of Lenin's dissolution of the Russian Constituent Assembly in January, 1918.

Henry (Robert Mitchell). THE EVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN ("Modern Ireland in the Making"). Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1920. 7½ in. 288 pp., 5/ n. 941.59

See review, p. 507.

McGovern (William Montgomery). MODERN JAPAN: ITS POLITICAL, MILITARY, AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION. With a preface by Sir E. Denison Ross. Fisher Unwin [1920]. 9 in. 280 pp., 15/ n. 952

The author has produced a lively and interesting résumé of Japanese institutions and conditions. He writes throughout as an admirer of the Japanese, although he is by no means

undiscriminating in his enthusiasm. His book is distinctly illuminating, although we may complain that too much space is devoted to the dry bones of political and military matters, and not enough to the psychology of the people and its expression in literature and the other arts. The comparison of Natsume with W. J. Locke is not calculated to awaken great interest in modern Japanese literature on the part of all readers.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Fuller (J. F. C.). TANKS IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918. Murray, 1920. 9 in. 355 pp. il. maps, index, 21/ n. 940.9

Brevet-Colonel Fuller, who was Chief General Staff Officer of the Tank Corps from December, 1916, to August, 1918, gives an account of the work of the tanks, compiled from official records and the reports of eye-witnesses; shows that petrol will revolutionize warfare by producing a new type of army many times more efficient and less costly; and explains how the coming of the tank rendered possible a true "war of attrition," with economy of life. "The main factor in future warfare," says Colonel Fuller, "will be the replacing of man-power by machine-power."

*Lettow-Vorbeck (General Von). MY REMINISCENCES OF EAST AFRICA. Hurst & Blackett [1920]. 9 in. 352 pp. il. por. maps, index, 24/ n. 940.9

This work, by one of the most chivalrous, humorous, and kindly German officers of high military rank who took part in the war, is of great interest. The author, who remarks that he knew that the fate of the colonies, as of all other German possessions, would be decided on the battlefields of Europe, describes the customs and industries of the East African natives, alludes to the "incredible way" in which rumours and news are spread even in the interior of Africa, and relates much that is instructive about European colonization in the "Dark Continent." Alluding to the German shortness of supplies of medicine, General von Lettow-Vorbeck mentions that the "liquid quinine, produced by boiling Peruvian bark, had an infernal taste," and was known among the patients as "Lettow-Schnaps." The author's account of the receipt of the news of the armistice being signed is followed by the statement that the German troops, native as well as European, could have held out for at least another year; and it is pointed out that "in cold truth" the German force, "which at the most comprised some 300 Europeans and about 11,000 Askari, had occupied a very superior enemy force for the whole war." Distinction is added to this notable book by the thirteen striking drawings contributed by General von Lettow-Vorbeck's adjutant.

Livesay (J. F. B.). CANADA'S HUNDRED DAYS: WITH THE CANADIAN CORPS FROM AMIENS TO MONS, AUG. 8—NOV. 11, 1918. Toronto, Allen, 1919. 10 in. 431 pp. front. (por.) maps, index. 940.9

A detailed record of the fine work of the Canadian Corps under Sir Arthur Currie. The dash of the Canadians and the brilliant qualities of their commander are spiritedly delineated. The operations before the capture of Cambrai and the wanton destruction of that town previously carried out by the Germans; the entries into Valenciennes and Mons; the citizens' rapturous reception of the Canadian troops; and numerous other matters of interest are reviewed by the author.

*McLaren (Eva Shaw), ed. A HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 9 in. 424 pp. il. pors. maps, app., 7/6 n. 940.476

The name of Dr. Elsie Inglis will long be revered in association with the foundation and organization of the Scottish Women's Hospitals—a work for which, in 1917, Dr. Inglis sacrificed her life. The devoted labours of her colleagues, among whom were Miss Frances Ivens, Dr. Eleanor Soltau, Dr. Alice Hutchinson, and the Hon. Mrs. E. Haverfield (who died very recently), will also be recalled with lasting gratitude abroad, as well as in England. The hospitals at Royaumont and Villers Cotterets, and at various centres in Serbia, were established very early in the war, and the achievements of the staffs were superb. The book before us contains much interesting matter relating to the various units; and there is a notable account of the celebrated retreat of the Serbians across the plain of Kossovo and through the passes of the Albanian mountains.